OWASIPPE LEGENDS, BALLADS & VIGNETTES

STORIES, SONGS & SKITS FOR CAMPFIRES & DINING HALLS

COMPILED BY WILLIE VANNERSON, 2006

CONTENTS

PRAYERS & GRACES ---- 1
Johnny Appleseed Grace ... 1
Owasippe Grace ... 1
Philmont Grace ... 1
Sioux Table Prayer ... 1
Sommers Wilderness Grace ... 1

TALES & STORIES ---- 2
The Owasippe Legend: Version I ... 2
How Burying Ground Point Got It's Name ... 2

OWASIPPE, ITS YARNS & LEGENDS ---- 4
Forward ... 4
Introduction ... 4
The Owasippe Legend: Version II ... 4
The Old Trading Post ... 5
The Salt Marsh ... 6
The Legend of White River ... 6
Lumbering On Cleveland Creek ... 7
Dalton's Mill ... 8
The White River Roll-Aways ... 8
Snow's rollaway and Its Interesting Surroundings ... 8
Dead Man's Rollaway & the Grave of the Unknown ... 9
Wheat Settlement ... 9
An Interesting Yarn ... 10
Cushman's Settlement ... 11
Brown's Pond, A Cache of Watches ... 11
Carleton Dreams of a County Seat ... 11
Forest City Post office ... 12
Slab Lake – Square Lake – Marl Bed – Wood Lake – Nine Acre Lot Lake –Virgin Norway Pine ... 12
Hinchman's Halfway Camp ... 12
Skeel's Creek ... 12
The Brass Pistol ... 13
Snow's Trail and Mounds ... 13
The Oceana Lumbering Boat ... 14
A Log Drive ... 14

HISTORICAL FACTS & INFORMATION ---- 16
Beginnings ... 16
Chekagou ... 16
Order of the Arrow & Owasippe ... 16
Owasippe Post Office ... 16
Wildcat Trails ... 16

CAMP CHEERS ---- 17
Camp Blackhawk ... 17
Camp Carlin ... 17
Camp Dan Beard ... 17
Family Camp ... 17
Camp James E. West ... 17
Camp Reneker ... 17
Camp Robert Crown ... 17
Camp Sauger Lake ... 17
Camp Stuart - I ... 17
Camp Stuart - II ... 17
Camp Wolverine ... 17
Camp Wolverine North ... 17
Camp Wolverine South ... 17

CAMP LOYALTY SONGS ---- 18
Blackhawk Fight Song ... 18
Blackhawk Song ... 18
Camp Blackhawk - I ... 18
Camp Blackhawk Song-II ... 18
Camp Blackhawk Song-III ... 18
Camp Wilderness Song ... 18
Camp James E. West ... 19
Camp West Rally Song ... 19
Famous Crystal Lake ... 19
Stuart Camp Song - I ... 19
Stuart Camp Song –II ... 19
Stuart Camp Song - III ... 19
Camp Beard Victory March ... 19
Camp Dan Beard Song ... 20
Owasippe Hymn ... 20
The Owasippe Chant ... 20
It Must Be Owasippe ... 20
Sauger Lake Song ... 21
Sauger Lake Camp Song ... 21
Camp Chicaugau Song ... 21
Robert T. Crown Song ... 21
Wolverine South Song ... 21
Wolverine North Song ... 22
Camp Wolverine ... 22
Camp Carlin Song ... 22
Reneker Family Camp ... 22
Lower Lake Medley ... 22
The Crest of the Wave ... 22

SEA SONGS ---- 23
Blow the Man Down ... 23
Drunkin Sailor ... 23
Mermaid Song ... 23
Queen's Navy ... 23
Roll Me Over the Billows ... 23
The Three Fishermen ... 24
There's A Hole In The Bottom of the Sea ... 24
Titanic ... 24

ACTION SONGS ---- 25
An Old Austrian ... 25
Apples and Bananas ... 25
Damper Song ... 25
Down by the Old Millstream ... 25
Goin On a Lion Hunt ... 25
Head, Shoulders, Knees & Toes ... 26
Hocky Tocky Umba ... 26

I Points to Mineself 26
If You're Happy 26
I'm In The King's Nivy 26
John Brown's Baby 27
Musikanter 27
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean 27
One Finger, One Thumb 27
Purple Stew 27
She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain 27
The Grand Old Captain Kirk 28
The Grand Old Duke of York 28
Three Chartreuse Buzzards 28
Under The Chestnut Tree 28
Wad-A-Lee-Aches 29

HISTORY (AMERICANA) FOLK SONGS ---------- 30
Battle of New Orleans 30
Blue Tail Fly 30
Blue Water Line 30
Chicago Fire Song 30
De Camptown Racetrack 31
Ebeneezer Fry 31
Erie Canal 31
Erie-Erie-Erie-Oh! 31
Lover's Lament 32
Railroad Bill 32
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down 32
The Voyageur's Song 32
This is America 33
Waterloo 33

ODD-BALL (COMIC) SONGS ---------- 34
A Boy and a Girl 34
Announcements 34
Be Kind to Your Web Footed Friends 35
Big Fat Hen 35
Bingo 35
Boom Boom Ain't It Great to be Crazy 35
Boy Scout Camp 36
Bug Juice 36
Camp Grenada 36
Camp Kookamonga 36
Chopped Liver 37
Ding Dong 37
Do Your Ears Hang Low 37
Drool Song 38
Dummy Line 38
Garbage Barge 38
Ghost Chickens in the Sky 39
Ghost Riders in the Sky 39
Glory How Peculiar 39
God Bless My Underwear 40
Grannies in the Cellar 40
Ham and Eggs 40
Hey Lotty, Lotty Lo 40
How Do You Do? 40
I Had But Fifty Cents 40
I Love You 41
Johnny Verbeck 41
Junior Birdman 41
Little Rabbit Fru Fru 42
Mountain Dew 42
My Favorite Senior Things 43
Old MacDonald Had a Farm 43
Old Scouter 43
On Top of Spaghetti 43
Ooey-Gooey 44
Peanut Sat on a Railroad Track 44
Pink Pajamas 44
Ravioli 44
Russel Road 44
Second Story Window 44
She Waded in the Water 45
Sippin Cider 45
Skeeters 'n' the Bedbugs 46
Supercaligragilisticexpialidocious 46
The Billboard Song 46
The Green Grass Grows All Around 46
The Grub (Daddy's Whiskers) 47
The Quartermaster Store 47
The Thing 47
There ain't No Flies On Us 48
What's Your Name 48
While the Organ Peeled Bananas 48
Yon Yonson 48
Zulu Warrior 48

ANIMAL SONGS ---------- 49
1,000 Legged Worm 49
Beaver Song 49
Bill Hogan's Goat 49
Flea 49
Froggie 49
Little Brown Mouse 49
Out in the Woods 49
The Ants Go Marching 50
The Cat Came Back 50

NATURE SONGS ---------- 52
I Like the Mountains 52
Indian Lake 52
Pollution Protest 52
Roll On Columbia 52
The Far Northlands 52
The Happy Wanderer 52
Whooped Up 53

BALLADS ---- 54
A Hundred Miles ... 54
Auld Lang Syne ... 54
Blowin' in the Wind ... 54
By the Waters of Babylon ... 54
Dang Me ... 54
Day is Done ... 54
Gone The Rainbow ... 55
Green Grow the Rushes Grow ... 55
Greenback Dollar ... 55
Hammer Song ... 55
I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing ... 56
Lemon Tree ... 56
Linger ... 56
One Tin Solder ... 56
Puff the Magic Dragon ... 57
Stewball ... 57
Take me Home, Country Roads ... 57
Today ... 58
Tom Dooley ... 58
Where Have all the Flowers Gone? ... 58
Back to Gilwell ... 59
Birds in the Wilderness ... 59
Climbing Up the Ladder ... 59

SCOUTING SONGS ---- 59
Cry-I-Cry-I-Cus ... 59
Follow Me Boys ... 59
Good Night Comrades ... 59
Good Old Open Trail ... 60
Growing Together ... 60
I Belong ... 60
I'm Happy When I'm Hiking ... 60
Lang, Lang Trail to Camp ... 60
Let Us Sing Together ... 60
Philmont Hymn ... 60
Scout Company ... 61
Scouting Spirit ... 61
Scouting We Go ... 61
The Boy Scout Day ... 61
The More We Camp Together ... 61
The More We Get Together ... 61
Till We Meet Again ... 62
Troop Number Song ... 62
Trusty Tommy Was A Scout ... 62
Vi Va La More ... 62
We're Here for the Fun ... 62
We're On the Upward Trail ... 62

ROUND SONGS ---- 63
A Way Down Yonder ... 63
America ... 63
Be Prepared ... 63
Bottle Pop - II ... 63
Calliope ... 63
Ezekiel Saw A Wheel Turning ... 63
Gee, I'm Glad I'm A Boy Scout ... 63
Hello, Hello ... 63
Hi. Ho. Nobody Home ... 63
Let Us Sing Together ... 63
Little Tommy Tinker ... 63
London's Burning ... 64
One Bottle of Pop - I ... 64
Row, Row, Row Your Boat ... 64
The Paddle Song ... 64
This Old Man ... 64
Three Blind Mice ... 64

RELIGIOUS SONGS ---- 65
Amen ... 65
Dem Bones ... 65
Happy Sunday School ... 65
He's Got the Whole World ... 66
Kum Ba Yah ... 66
Michael Row the Boat ... 67
Rise and Shine ... 67
Rock of My Soul ... 67
Scout Vespers ... 67
Standing in the Need of Prayer ... 67
Taps ... 68
Tell Me Why ... 68
These Bones Shall Rise Again ... 68
Vespers, Taps & Scout Oath ... 68
You Can Dig My Grave ... 69
You Can't Get To Heaven ... 69

FOREIGN SONGS ---- 70
Baba Eka Bo ... 70
Cuma Zimba ... 70
Ding Gang Goo ... 70
Dutch Song ... 70
Framat Vi Ga Sjungande ... 70
Han Skal Leve ... 70
Holly Poddle Doodle ... 70
Hong Kong Blues ... 70
Ko-Ko, Ko-Ko ... 71
Kung, Kling, Kung ... 71
O Mo Ni Go ... 71
O, Vad Livet Ar H Arlight ... 71
Sarasponda ... 71
Six Pence ... 71
Walking at Night ... 72
Waltzing Matilda ... 72
We Are Jolly Boys ... 72
Wild Rover ... 72
Wir Zogen Indas Feld ... 72
Zum Gali Gali ... 72

CHEERS ---------- 73
2,000 Lb.Canary Cheer 73
Abe Lincoln Cheer 73
Alka Seltzer Cheer 73
Angry Cantaloupe Cheer 73
Archery Cheer 73
Archery Cheer 73
Artillery Cheer 73
Avon Lady Cheer 73
Baden-Powell Cheer 73
Barbershop Cheer 73
Bear Cheer 73
Beaver Cheer 73
Bee Cheer 73
Ben Franklin Cheer 73
Big Hand Cheer 73
Big Rainstorm Cheer 73
Big Rock Candy Mountain Cheer 73
Big Sneeze Cheer 73
Big Thumb Cheer 73
Bing-A-Lacka Cheer 73
Black Powder Rifle Cheer 73
British Rank Yell 73
Broken Arm Cheer 73
Bull Cheer 73
Bull Fighter Cheer 74
Calamine Lotion Cheer 74
Call the Hogs Cheer 74
Can of Applause Cheer 74
Cantaloupe Cheer 74
Carpenter Cheer 74
Cat's Meow Cheer 74
Cheerio Cheer 74
Cherry Cheer 74
Chinese Cheer 74
Chip Chop Cheer 74
Christmas Bells Cheer 74
Clam Cheer 74
Class "A" Cheer 74
Class "B" Cheer 74
Class "C" Cheer 74
Class "Z" Cheer 74
Columbus Cheer 74
Coo Coo Cheer 74
Cookie Cheer 75
Cork Cheer 75
Crab Cheer 75
Desert Cheer 75
Dip Stick Cheer 75
English Cheer 75
Eskimo Cheer 75
Ferris Wheel Cheer 75
Fire Engine Cheer 75
Fishy Cheer - I 75
Fishy Cheer - II 75
Flat Tire Cheer 75
Flea Cheer 75
Flea Flip Cheer 75
Flintstone Cheer 75
Foil Dinner Cheer 75
George Washington Cheer - I 75
George Washington Cheer - II 75
Ghost Cheer - I 75
Ghost Cheer - II 75
Guillotine Cheer 75
Golf Cheer 75
Golf Cheer 75
Gondolier Cheer 75
Good Turn Cheer 76
Grape Cheer 76
Hangman Cheer 76
Handkerchief/Neckerchief Cheer 76
Hay-Straw 76
Howdy Cheer 76
Howdy Pard Cheer 76
Indiana Jones Cheer 76
Jolly Green Giant Cheer 76
Kiowa Indian Yell 76
Kybo Cheer 76
Livewire Cheer 76
Locomotive Cheer 76
Lumberjack Cheer 76
Mad Doctor Cheer 76
Marilyn Monroe Cheer 76
Mexican Hat Dance Cheer 76
Model "T" Cheer 76
Moose Cheer 76
Mosquito Cheer 76
Motorcycle Cheer 76
Mount Rushmore Cheer 76
Mountain Climbers Cheer 76
Paper Bag Cheer 77
Party Cheer 77
Pat on the Back 77
Pennsylvania University Cheer 77
Pinky Cheer 77
President Cheer 77
Rainstorm Cheer 77
Razzle Dazzle Cheer 77
Relay Cheer 77
Reverse Applause 77
Rip-Rip-Rap Cheer 77
Road Runner Cheer 77
Robot Cheer 77
Rooster Cheer 77
Round of Applause 77
Santa Claus Cheer 77
Seal of Approval 77

Silent Yell 77
Sky Rocket Cheer 77
Southern Cantaloupe Cheer 77
Space Shuttle Cheer 77
Stamp of Approval 77
The Fonz Cheer 77
The Great “B” Cheer 78
The Mask Cheer 78
Throw Up Cheer 78
Toucan Yell 78
Trumpet Cheer 78
Turkey Yell 78
Turtle Cheer 78
Watermelon Cheer 78
What A Ten Chew Cheer 78
Witch Cheer 78
Yodelers Cheer 78

SKITS ---------- 79
Bell Ringer #1 79
Bell Ringer # 2 79
Bell Ringer # 3 79
Bicycle Shop 79
Brains For Sale 80
Candy Store 80
Gathering of Nuts 80
Is it Time Yet? 80
J.C. Penny 80
New Underwear 81
Throwing Up 87
Puppy in the Box 81
Raisin Skit 81
Reggie and the Colonel 81
Submarine Captain 82
The Dead Body 82
The Important Papers 82
The Lawnmower 82
The Little Green Ball 83
The Lost Lollipop 83
The Medicrin 83

WALK ONS ---------- 84
Case I: Taking My Case to Court 84
Case II: Case Thrown Out of Court 84
Case III: Taking My Case to a Higher Court 84
Case IV: Open and Shut Case 84
Case V: Case Got Overturned 84
Case VI: Lost My Case 84
Case VII: Rest My Case 84
Fire Drill 84
It’s All Around Me 84
It’s All Over Me 84
Just Sticking Around 84
Leaving 84
Pulling String 84
Raisin Cane 84
Squirrels 85
Throwing Up 85

INDEX ---------- 86

PRAYERS & GRACES

Johnny Appleseed Grace
Oh the Lord's been good to me,
And so I thank the Lord.
For giving me the things I need
The sun and the rain and the appleseed
The Lord's been good to me.
Amen.

Owasippe Grace
For the food we have
For the friends we make
For the knowledge we receive
And for **all**… the good times
We give to you, Lord
Our warmest thanks.

Philmont Grace
Philmont Scout Ranch BSA High Adventure Base

For food, for raiment,
For life, for opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship,
We thank thee Oh Lord.

Sioux Table Prayer
Almighty Father,
Whose voice we hear in the wind,
Whose breath gives life to all the world,
And whose hand we see in all creation,
Grant that we may say,
As Blackhawk said,
That we never take a drink of water
Nor a bite to eat
Without being mindful of,
And grateful for,
Your goodness.

Sommers Wilderness Grace
Northern Tier BSA High Adventure Base

For food, for raiment
for life and opportunity
for sun and rain, for water and portage trails
for friendship and fellowship
we thank thee, Oh Lord

The Owasippe Legend: Version I

"The largest Indian mound in this vicinity was built on a high hill above Silver Creek. Because of its size, someone of importance must have been buried there.

An Indian named John Stone frequently visited a Mr. Paul Norman. Both had served in The Civil War, and once he did John a favor, which is something an Indian never forgets. One day he asked John who was buried in the great mound, and John answered that his people had told him it was Chief Owasippe.

The village over which the Chief presided, he said, was on the flat at the foot of the hill. The creek, Bishe-gain-dang (Beautiful), furnished them with fresh water and a safe landing for canoes. Both fishing and hunting were good and the wooded hills that surrounded them kept out the cold winter winds. They were also comparatively safe here from attacks by hostile bands.

Owasippe had two teenage sons in whom he took great pride. They liked to hunt and fish and sometimes went far down the river to search for game. When, after a reasonable length of time, they failed to return from one of these expeditions, the Chief became anxious. Every day he climbed the high hill and sat for hours beneath a great pine tree scanning the long marsh and watching for their reappearance on one of the many streams that wound through the tall grass to be the blue of the distant hill. But no sign of them did he see. No news of their whereabouts could he learn. They might have drowned in the treacherous river or met enemies who had tortured and killed them, which was a common occurrence before 1812. Whatever happened, the two boys were never seen again. Eventually, their father succumbed to uncertainty and disappointment. His people found him dead beneath the great pine and built his mound where he had kept vigil so long.

In the early 1890's, three boys were following the trail along the foot of the rollaway at the mouth of Silver Creek when they noticed something that resembled the end of a canoe protruding from the bank. Hurrying back to town they notified the village marshal, who returned with the boys, bringing men and shovels. They unearthed two dugouts, each containing the skeleton of a teenage Indian. There were also the metal parts of a flintlock gun, bits of decayed blankets, a copper kettle and a silver ornament. The boys thought they had found an Indian burying ground hence the name, Burying Ground Point, but from the information given by John Stone, it was evident that these youths were the missing sons of Owasippe. The two boys had apparently pulled their canoes up to the bank ,for the night, and the river, constantly cutting into the earth, had caused it to cave in, burying them while they slept."

"Some effort has been made to learn the correct name of the Chief, and its meaning. The Indian language being strict oral, makes the matter difficult. The late K. G. Smith of Lansing and Birch Brook consulted the late rather Gagnieur of Sault St. Marie who thought the name was Awassisibi, meaning "Beyond the River",-hence Owasippe".

"When John Stone told this story, the great pine was still standing. In 1914 only a rotted log remained. Now, even that has disappeared. The mounds have settled beyond recognition and would be lost but for the marker placed there by the Chicago Boy Scouts."

**from The Montague Area, 100 years: 1867-1967, published by Montague Area Centennial Inc., Montague, MI., 1967*

How Burying Ground Point Got It's Name

This story essentially mimics the above version but predates the above reference by seventeen years and was likely used as a reverence for that work writing. It's more factual than prose and also contains some additional items of interest, such as the existence of artifacts from Owasippe's son's canoe and that Owasippe's wife may be buried next to him.

The largest Indian mound in this vicinity was built on a high hill above Silver Creek. Because of its size, Mr. Norman, who was much interested in Indians, figured someone of importance must have been buried there.

An Indian named John Stone frequently came to his shop to visit with him as he worked. Both had served in the Civil War, and once he did John a favor, which is something an Indian never forgets. One day he asked John who was buried in the great mound and John answered that his people had told him it was Chief Owasippe.

The village over which the chief presided, he said, was on the flat at the foot of the hill. The Creek, Bishe-gain-dang (Beautiful), furnished them with fresh water and a safe landing for canoes. Both fishing and hunting were good, and the wooded hills that surrounded them kept out the cold winter winds. They were also comparatively safe here from attacks by hostile bands.

Owasippe had two teenage sons in whom he took great pride. They liked to hunt and fish and sometimes went far down the River in search of game. When, after a reasonable length of time, they failed to return from one of these expeditions, the chief became anxious. Every day he climbed the high hill and sat for hours beneath a great pine tree scanning the long marsh and watching for their reappearance on one of the many streams that wound through the tall grass to the head of White Lake

which looked like a silver thread against the blue of the distant hill. But no sign of them did he see; no news of their whereabouts could he learn. They might have drowned in the treacherous river, or met enemies who had tortured and killed them, a common occurrence before 1812. Whatever happened, the two boys were never seen again. Eventually, their father succumbed to uncertainty and disappointment. His people found him dead beneath the great pine and built his mound where he had kept vigil so long.

Soon after telling this story, John Stone was struck by a train and killed, and no further information about the chief was available.

In the early 1890's, three boys – Glenn Stewart, Erastus Monroe, and Patrick Riley – were following the trail along the foot of the rollway at the mouth of Silver Creek when they noticed something that resembled the end of a canoe protruding from the bank. Hurrying back to town, they notified the Village Marshall, Charles McKenzie, who returned with the boys, bringing men and shovels. They unearthed two dugouts, each containing the skeleton of a teenage Indian. There were also the metal parts of a flintlock gun, bits of decayed blankets, a copper kettle and a silver ornament.

They boys thought they had found an Indian burying ground – hence the name, Burying Ground Point – but from the information given by John Stone, it was evident that these youths were the missing sons of Owasippe. The two boys had apparently pulled their canoes up to the bank for the night and the river, constantly cutting into the earth, had caused it to cave in, burying them while they slept.

From Patrick Riley, Mr. Norman acquired the silver ornament for his collection of Indian artifacts.

This ornament and the flintlock gun are evidence that the French fur traders had already invaded this territory.

The smaller mound beside the Chief's contained the skeleton of a woman, doubtless that of the Chief's wife.

When John Stone told this story, the great pine was still standing; in 1914 only a rotted log remained. Now, even that has disappeared. The mounds have settled beyond recognition and would doubtless be lost but for the marker placed there by the Chicago Scouts.

Some effort has been made to learn the correct name of the Chief, and its meaning. The Indian language being strictly oral, makes the matter difficult. The late K. G. Smith of Lansing and Birch Brook consulted the late Father Gagnieur of Sault Ste. Marie who thought the name was Awassisibi, meaning "Beyond the River", hence Owasippe

From The Early History of White Lake and White Lake Indians, Compiled by Bernice Norman, 1950

This version of the legend and the tales that follow where taken from a pamphlet edited by George A. Mozealous and sold at Owasippe in the seventies. I've decided to separate these stories from the preceding section so they can be read in context with the time period from which they were originall published as well as to appreciate the unique prose of the editor. The text has been copied as originally printed with no effort to correct grammer or alter the text in any way. For example, the derogatory term "Old Squaw," which is no longer socially acceptable, appear as written by Mr. Mozealous at that time.

Although I am unsure of its original priting date. My best guess is that he scribed these tales in the mid-1930's. I arrived at this estimate based upon two passages. In one the date 1930 is referenced and in another a mentions an Army deserter from the "Great War." I take that to mean World War I so the author predates the beginning of World War II in 1939. If my guess is acurate, then these stories are drafted from a narator who attended Owasippe a mear two dozen years after it opened in 1911. Many of the places described in these stories are long gone, eroded by the ever encroching modern development. Some of the references to camps and trails are also dated as much of the land has been sold off for private development. Still, these tales provide a rare glimpse into the legacy of the native americans, the early pioneers and the industrious lumberjacks that once roamed the hills and dales and labored to carve a life out of a wilderness. Enjoy

Forward

Data for the stories presented here have been collected over a period of years by leaders of the Owasippe Scout Camps who knew intimately the descendants of the men who lives these tales. In some instances, they were fortunate in knowing the pioneers themselves. Some stories have been lifted bodily from the accounts of Ted Shearer, Walter Gunn and C. A. Edson, whose large contributions of information we wish to acknowledge at this time. Credit is also due to Alex, Roz, Earl Walz, and Roy Bredal for the time and effort they spent in gathering additional information. We trust that during the course of the summer you will make an effort to correct any misinformation, and that you will turn over to the chief Camp Director any additional legends you know of hear.

Introduction

Around the campfire, - Scouts are clamoring for "A Story." What are you going to tell them? About the Far West? — The Canadian Wilds, — about mysterious places in Europe?

No! Tell them about Owasippe, — brave men have lived here and died here too! They'll enjoy your stories because they'll be close to the spot on which it happened. And more than that, they'll leave with a deeper love and respect for Owasippe and it's "Hills and Dales."

No attempt has been made to write these stories exactly as they should be told around the campfire – rather than that we give you only the historical data we have available, and leave to your story telling ability the task of building these stories as you see fit. Why not weave into these stories, the life of Willie Workhard, of Silent Sammy, the Woodsman, or any of the host of fictitious characters you can bring to mind. This will add that necessary "human interest" to round out the worthwhile historical data.

The Owasippe Legend: Version II

Location — The Spillway on Silver Creek, the Trout Stream, Owasippe's Grave, and the Burying Ground Point on White River

In days when the White Lake Region was first settled by White men (1840 - 1850), a tribe of Pottawatomie Indians lived in the vicinity and had its village on Silver Creek (the Trout Stream) at a point where the spillway now is. The Chief of this tribe, who was a friend to the White men, was an old Indian by the name of Owasippe. Owasippe had married late in life and had two sons about fifteen and, seventeen years of age.

It was a custom among the Indian tribes that when a lad felt that he was old enough and was ready to be admitted as a brave in the tribe, he was required to pass what was known as a manhood test, in order to prove his courage, self-reliance and woodcraft ability. This test, which varies in details from tribe to tribe, consisted essentially of the boy's going for a considerable period of time away from the tribe, frequently going into hostile territory, killing and preparing his own food, and otherwise entirely depending upon his own resources. In the tribe of Owasippe, this test consisted of taping a canoe and scouting trip of a month's duration.

Owasippe's two sons felt that they were ready to pass their manhood tests, and to be admitted to the tribe as braves, and arrangements were accordingly made. They packed their canoes with their few utensils and supplies, and started out, sailing down Silver Creek to the White River on to White Lake, out to Lake Michigan, and up toward the country of the Algonguins in Canada.

As the time for their return drew near, Owasippe, whose whole life was wrapped up in these two boys, was

keyed up to a high point of anxiety and anticipation. Early in morning on the day when they were due to return, he climbed the hill back of his tepee and sitting there on an old pine log at a point where he could command, a view of Silver Creek to its junction with the White River, he waited and watched for their return. All day long he waited for the canoe. At night, exceedingly anxious and worn, he returned to his village, only to renew his watch at day break. Day after day he waited thus, and as he waited his anxiety grew. Finally, he refused to desert his post and sat there day and night. His faithful wife brought his food to him, but he ate: less and less, and finally, after many days, sank into a coma and died.

The canoe of the lads never appeared, and Owasippe was buried on the crest of the hill where he died, His grave is marked only by a sunken hole, mute evidence of a raid made by vandals several years ago .when they stole the old Chief's skull

Scouts are asked to bring rocks whenever they visit the grave a, and place them on the earth so that in time this hole will be filled up and a mound will mark the spot where the old chief is buried.

The mystery of the death of Owasippe's sons was not for many years. About thirty years after Owasippe's death, a boy fishing along the White River came to a point known as "Burying Ground Point," where there is a high bank. There had been a heavy rainstorm the night before and the boy discovered that a landslide had occurred here. He began exploring about and found the upturned prow of birch bark canoe. He got a few of his friends and dug into the bank where they found the entire canoe, under which there were two skeletons of young Indian lads.

It was apparent then what had happened. Those two sons of Owasippe had successfully completed their trip and where returning home. Arriving at Burying Ground point, less than a mile from their father's village and practically within sight, they were overtaken by one of those sudden fierce storms which occasionally visit this region. While there, a bigger and earlier landslide suddenly overwhelmed them, burying and crushing then and the canoe, and thus their remains stayed buried until uncovered years later.

The Old Trading Post

Location: See details in first paragraph

Nowadays we hear only of the trading posts of the "Wild West." But here at Owasippe we have a post antedating a great many of those in the land of Buffalo Bill. It's the "Old Trading Post" four miles up White River from Montague, near the mouth of Carleton Creek.

The name of the original white founder (Indians had used this place for many years as a meeting ground) is in doubt, as also is the time of its founding, but recent investigations by Mr. H. L. Spooner, a former resident of Whitehall, have brought to light the possibility of its having been founded about 1810 by a Frenchman names Etienne Lamaranandier. His own post was located on Muskegon Lake. Many highly interesting legends are built around this place. One of the earliest known settlers was Capt. James Dalton, Jr., who came to White Lake in 1844 while enroute to what is now Manistee. Indians told him of Silver Creek and he decided to settle there. While seeking a location for a saw mill he discovered this old cabin – then decayed beyond possibility of repair.

Dalton erected his mill close to this post, at the mouth of Silver Creek, (see story "Dalton's Mill). At this same time Charles Johnson selected this spot and built combined eating house, saloon and store. Soon other mills, among them Carleton's and Brown's were erected close by and this place enjoyed a large patronage. Indians paddled to it in their canoes, and lumberjacks from the surrounding camps frequented the place.

Johnson grew wealthy and sold out to Johannes Gustaves, whose son John was born there. When his son grew up, both managed the place. Nick Rossiter of Hisperia, an old time river driver, remembers seeing as many as 300 Indians camped about the post, having a hilarious time as long as their money lasted. To river men it gradually became known as the "Snubbing Post." How many of the "true" stories told about this place are true is now unknown, but here are a few surrounding this treasure chest of legend.

There was supposed to be a notorious resort known as "The Hole In The Wall" located a short distance from the post. Tradition says that many a man went to this place and was taken into a tunnel to some unknown spot – and these men never were seen again!

A Norwegian family lived near the post. The entire family, - father, mother, boy and girl were stricken with smallpox. In an effort to get medical aid the family embarked for Whitehall. The girl died and was buried in the basement of a house built where the Foster place now stands. When this was excavated the bones were found and reinterred in the cemetery. Soon after this the father and mother died, and the boy fell into the hands of a man named Hanson. Hanson in turn gave the boy to the Indians. One night during a drunken pow-wow one of their number threw the lad into a huge fire. On old squaw rescued him and gave him to a white man. He then passed through several hands and finally he went west. He died a few years ago in New Mexico,

carrying to his grave the marks of burns received from the Indians.

Did you ever hear of a person being delighted at the opportunity of serving as a pallbearer at a relative's funeral? Well, Old Chris and his wife (no one remembers their last name) lived near the post. His wife was getting old and he wanted to get rid of her and get a young woman. She became ill, so Chris got a young woman to take care of her and do the housework. Thinking that his wife was going to die, he began wooing the younger woman, but he was too bold about it and his wife soon noticed it. She determined to get well, and did. Chris did not like it and abused her, but fate laid a heavy hand on him and soon who wished to see his wife dead, himself died. His wife insisted on being one of the pallbearers and rejoiced that she could help to carry his body from the house.

The Trading Post school was built on the banks of a small creek close to the river, but was later sold. A new one was built near the present A. N Dahl place. About sixteen years ago an Indian walking along the path that leads to the school's spring stubbed his toe and found the obstruction to be $700.00 in gold that had been laid bare by a recent hard rain. Close to this same spot and the old supply road there were three large mounds. While building this road remains of a dam and a miniature water wheel built by school children are among the few remaining ruins to be found on this spot.

Because a bridge leading to the post was recently needlessly destroyed, the post is rather difficult to reach. It is not visible from any road. Within a few years this oldest landmark of the Lower White River region will be entirely obliterated and will become only a memory.

The Salt Marsh

Location: Silver Creek

Legends surrounding the Salt Marsh vary as to the exact time men attempted to drill in to the earth for this white condiment. Some claim this was done the same year that Captain Dalton built his mill at Silver Creek (1844), others say this was the first attempted during the Civil War when salt became scarce. Nevertheless, long before white man started operations the Indians knew of the salt marsh. Animals too frequented this place to lick the brackish tasting water.

Preparation of the salt necessitated the use of large iron kettles. These the Indians borrowed from the settlers, and in return for this favor, would bring them back full of salt, but refused to divulge the place where they obtained it.

Upon hearing that the White Lake region was underlaid with salt water, a man named Hulbert came from Grand Rapids with his two sons and attempted to set up a salt well at the marsh. However, after boring into the earth for eighty feet their drill became jammed and they were forced to abandon the project. Some say the succeeded in sinking the well, but found it was unprofitable. They had installed a an iron pipe which was surrounded by a jack pipe, made from maples drilled lengthwise (early water pipes in Chicago were made by drilling logs in this manner). Later the grass in the surrounding marsh was cut for hay, and Obe Nichols, who lived close by, said that the workmen used to set their jug of fresh water on this pipe to keep it cool. For many years the pipe stood about three feet above the ground, but gradually both the pipe and derrick rotted away. The land is now owned by the Fruitvale company, and the well has been plugged up so it no longer runs, but the natural springs still seep up with an abundance of the saline liquid. Hulbert and his two sons later built a mill on Carleton's Creek which they sold to the man whose name the creek now bears.

The Legend of White River

When one travels along the lower part of the White River and notes the solitude and desolation, he can hardly realize that at one time this section teamed with life. Long before the advent of the white man, this was a favorite camping place for the Indians, and when the first French trader came into the country, he selected a spot for a trading post about four miles up the river from its mouth as the most favorable site and built a log cabin there. (See story headed "Old Trading Post").

There the Indians resorted in large numbers to trade pelts for such supplies as they needed, the most necessary of which seems to have been the inevitable whiskey. The exact time this log cabin was built is not known, but it was already in a state of bad decay when Charles and Albert Mears, the first permanent white settlers came in 1837. Two miles below the Trading Post was Burying Ground Point, an old time Indian Burial place.

This old burial ground was used by the Indians for many years. During the last of the lumbering period, the river changed its course and washed out many bodies. Today, although there are probably many still left, none can be detected. Several cottages of resorters are near the old burial ground. It was near the site of the Trading Post that Charles Mears, later prominent in the history of Muskegon and Oceana counties, chose a spot on Silver Creek near its mouth for the erection of a saw mill. He and his brother Albert, then a boy of fifteen years, and two other men named Herrick and True

started from Paw Paw and floated down the river to St. Joseph in a clinker built skiff bound for White Lake. The trip was a rough one and it took them nearly two weeks to make it, capsizing several times and running out of provisions long before they reached their destination. On the north of the channel they found two men holding a claim for Hiram Pearsons of Chicago. On the flat where the lighthouse was later built, was a band of a half dozen Ottawa Indian families with their chief, Wabanigo. They had cleared a small piece of ground and were raising corn.

Mears party camped the first night at the mouth. By noon the next day they reached Burying Ground Point. Here they found a band of Indians eating dinner. Mears and his party received a cordial invitation to share the meal, but did not accept. Although used to eating almost anything which the country afforded, the pioneers did not relish the Indian menu of ducks' eggs, some sound, some questionable, some in the poultry stage of existence, with a large roasted blacksnake for dessert. That night they made the vicinity of the Trading Post and camped at the mouth of Silver Creek. They continued up the river for three days to the rapids above the J. D. Stebbins farm. They then returned to the mouth of Silver Creek and decided to locate there. Albert Mears felled the first tree and within two weeks a cabin 16 by 20 had been built of split logs. Charles then started on foot to Paw Paw to get castings for the mill. Soon True proved "untrue" by skipping out one night after stealing the stock of bread on hand, leaving Albert and Herrick alone. At the end of two months, their provisions were exhausted and having heard nothing of Charles, they packed their belongings in their skiff and started for Paw Paw. At Grand Haven, thinking he had had enough of hardships, Albert left Herrick and got a schooner for St. Joseph.

Charles Mears and Herrick returned to White Lake that fall with the necessary castings for a waterpower saw mill, which they decided to build on the shore of White Lake, where the Wilcox mill was later located. Early in 1838 the mill commenced sawing clap boards eight feet long with a circular saw and a few later an upright saw was put in.

Charles Mears also constructed mills at Duck Lake, Pointe Saubel and Pentwater. His own fleet of schooners transported the lumbar to Chicago. He also owned some of the first steamers on Lake Michigan. In his diary he refers to the amazing fact that sailors wages were raised to $18.00 a month.

The first store in Whitehall[1] proper was built by him, and managed by Mr. J. D. Sturtevant. This building was located just above the present village park and boat landing.

Lumbering On Cleveland Creek

Although today Cleveland Creek seems too shallow and narrow to be useful in hauling logs, yet it once was an important stream in the transportation of lumber to the White River and thence to Whitehall. Lumbering operations were first started by a man named Cleveland, whose name the creek now bears. This was in the early '70's. Closely after him came Veston, then a man who was to become a most important figure in this part of the country, — Covell.

Just fifty yards to the Northwest of the present Blue Lake Town Hall[2], Covell built his lumber camp. Traces of it may yet be seen. Dams were necessary, however, before this stream could be used for the cartage of logs. If scouts will examine the banks of the stream closely, traces of these dams may yet be found by following the old lumbering trail on the south side of the stream up above the mill about five eighth of a mile. Here one will find the site of Roger's Dam. Further upstream Snow built a mill, a portion of the bridge, known as Snow's Bridge, leading to this mill is still in place, as is part of the mill.

About three-fourths of a mile upstream from Deuce's Wild (a privately owned hunting cabin) is the sight of the Upper Dam, properly called Kingsley's Dam or Dam #2. About one half mile East of this dam was another, known as Dam #1, traces of whose sluiceway may still be seen. Logs would be cut in the winter and taken on

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[1] Whitehall's recorded history began around 1859 when Charles Mears, a noted lumber baron to the area platted the village along with Giles B. Slocum, naming it Mears. In 1862, it was renamed Whitehall. It grew because of its strategic location for floating and distributing lumber, incorporating as a village in 1867. It later was incorporated as a city in 1942.

[2] The Blue Lake Town Hall was moved from the described location on Cleveland Creek were Owasippe Road crosses the creek, to its present location to the east near Silver Creek Road where it's part of the Owasippe Scout Reservation administration center complex. It is now called the E. Urner Goodman Museum, after the founder of the Order of the Arrow and former Owasippe Reservation director, and houses a wealth of Owasippe and Chicago scouting memorabilia.

sleighs to the banks of the creek and dumped in above the dams. The lumbermen would open the upper dam and close the lower, then, when the water was high enough around the lower, they would open that and let the logs ride down into the White River.

Along the banks of the stream men would watch to see that no logs snagged and to guard the turns so that a jam would not form. Then, too, others, — picked perhaps for their boldness, — would ride the logs using long poles in midstream to prevent snagging and jamming.

Dalton's Mill
Location: The Spillway

Captain James Dalton, Jr., came to the White River country about 1844. His original intention was to continue up to Manistee, however, after hearing the Indians tell of the wonderful lumbering country around the White River and Silver Creek, he decided to go there, and if the country proved to be as favorable as it was painted, to settle. This he did, and, after much exploring decided to locate on Silver Creek close to the White River.

He was opposed in this enterprise by Charles Mears who claimed that there was not enough timber in that part of the country for more than one mill. However, Mears was wrong, inasmuch as before many years passed there were eleven saw mills and five shingle mills on White Lake as well as many smaller ones scattered throughout the woods. Every stream big enough to float logs naturally or artificially boasted its mills.

In 1845 Dalton, with the aid of his two brothers, erected a dam and water power mill. These remained in operation thirty-six years, till 1881. The site of Dalton's Mill is now privately owned. The dam is kept in repair in order to keep the pond above it, which is used quite extensively for fishing. This dam along with a small apple orchard and a row of locust trees, are all that remain of this industrious mill.

Near the orchard stood the home of the foreman. After the mill was abandoned, this house was used by an old woman named Maggie Kelly, a ward of the county. The house is now destroyed. In its last years the mill was used as a grist mill.

The White River Roll-Aways
We hear so much about roll-aways that we'll take this opportunity to describe them and their purpose. First, as to the name "Roll-away" - some spell it "rollway" –not much difference as I see it, but I prefer the former. You can take your choice.

The White River roll-aways were usually high banks on the river's edge. Logs were gathered during the winter and hauled on sleighs to these banks and were piled in such a manner as to permit their being pushed off the roll-away and into the river whenever the spring flood had reached its highest point.

The entire pile was controlled by one log known as the "King" or "Key" log. When the time for the shove-off arrived, the key log was pushed from its position and started all the others tumbling into the river. A few logs usually remained on top and these were pushed to the edge and allowed to "roll-away."

At the foot of the roll-aways the water is usually deep, especially where the river makes a bend as it hits the roll-away. At the foot of these roll-aways logs can usually be found stuck in the mush of the river. Generally these logs were too close grained and therefore too heavy to float. Along the river can be found other logs which snagged and stuck.

Several lumbermen say that quite a number of men died while working on the river. Causes of death were numerous. Some died in fights, others in straightening out log jams, still others from sickness, some on the roll-aways and in the mills and some, while drunk, stumbled and fell to their death. The men who died while working on the river were buried in the woods bordering the river near the spot where they died. These graves are unmarked.

Here's an opportunity to start your evening's story by saying, - "You may be sitting on the grave of a lumberjack." That'll give 'em a thrill.

Snow's rollaway and Its Interesting Surroundings
Don Snow (see "Lumbering on Cleveland Creek") did not confine himself to lumbering activities on Cleveland Creek, but built another mill about a half mile south of the upper White River. It is situated in section 29 of Greenwood Township, Oceana County. This mill was used until 1925, and is still in a fairly good state of preservation.

North of the mill is Snow's Roll-Away, and a few hundred yards east is another rollaway. At this second rollaway occurred a death strange even in this strange country. On top of this rollaway is a concrete flooring upon which there once stood the home of a man who lived alone. During an unusually severe winter when the straits of Mackinac were frozen, a pack of wolves, driven out of Canada by lack of food, and the intense cold, went South through the upper peninsula, then

crossed the straits into the lower peninsula. Coming down the White River these wolves came upon the home of this old man at the time he was desperately ill and in bed. Since he was unable to defend himself in any way, the wolves broke into his home, and ate him alive in bed.

At the same time a colored butcher traveled through this country going from farm to farm slaughtering hogs for the farmers. Early one evening he had occasion to go from one farmhouse to another a few miles distant and he started off across the fields. The next morning, the farmer started out to find him. About midway between his place and that of his neighbor, he came upon a most gruesome sight, which told the story of a man's heroic struggle against death. Against the tree he found the remains of the butcher, picked clean to the bone, and about him were nine wolves, each wolf with a knife through its body. The butcher, overtaken by the wolves, had backed against a tree and used all his knives in a vain attempt to escape, but the wolves, being desperate in need of food, pressed on, and when his weapons were gone, well – so was the butcher.

Right beside the foundations of the house in which the old man was killed, there is a concrete dugout. During the World War a deserter from the U.S. Army hid here for more than a year and a half. Looking at it one is led to believe that he suffered more in his hideout than he would have at the hands of the toughest sergeant of the mule brigade. Close by there is another cave, though used for an entirely different purpose. This cave was used for a great many years by an old recluse. What finally became of him is unknown to this day. This is situated across the branch of Cleveland Creek on an old lumber road.

Dead Man's Rollaway & the Grave of the Unknown

For the past sixty years, the bank just north of the county line bridge on the White River has been known as "Dead Man's Roll-away." As with other places around this part of the country, the tales about the origin of this name vary. Here are two versions most often repeated.

Many men drifted into lumber camps who never divulged their true identity nor gave any indication as to their past. And no questions were ever asked. If a fellow looked as though he were able to work, he was given a job. One such man wandered into a camp not far from where county line bridge now crosses the White River. This log roller went into Whitehall one night, and during the course of the evening got into an argument with some other lumberjack over a woman. They fought and the former was victor.

On the way back to camp he elected to walk along the bank of the river at what is now the county line bridge. Above him, on top of the roll-away stealthily crept the man he had conquered. When the approached a pile of logs the man above rolled one down, crushing his foe to death, and burying him in the muck of the river where his body was not found until the following spring. He was buried at the spot which is alongside the road leading to Bartlett's place. A crude wooden cross and railing were erected to mark the grave. This cross bore the lettering

"TO THE UNKNOWN"

Eventually they rotted and were replaced by the Bartletts with a cross and fence of cedar. The other story, too, states that this fellow was a lumberjack but that when he returned to camp he was sent out to break a small jam and in doing this slipped on a log and was killed.

Wheat Settlement

Location: About one mile south of G. H. Q.[3]

About 1845 the U.S. Government granted a homestead (a plot of 160 acres of land) to any who desired to settle at the spot now known as Wheat Settlement.

Another legend states that this place was called "Sweet's Settlement" after a man purported to be the first settler. People gathered here, cleared timber off the lands, built homes with a portion of it and sold the balance in Whitehall for whatever it would bring. On this cleared land the men began planting wheat. Their first harvest met with fair success and they were jubilant over their prospects for continued prosperous farming.

Again they sowed their wheat but this time met but little of their former good fortune. What they believed would prove to be a great faring country turned out to be worthless. Year after year they continued to plant, but each year saw a much poorer crop than the previous season.

Discouraged, some settlers moved away, seeking new and more fertile lands. The growth of the town Whitehall, due to lumbering activities and its

[3] G.H.Q. likely stands for General Headquarters. The location of G.H.Q. largely depends upon when these stories where originally recorded. My guess is that they were written sometime between WWI and WWII. The Administration Center at the corners of Russell Rd. and Silvercreek Rd. did not exist at this time so G.H.Q. is likely near the original 40 acres Owasippe Lake.

advantageous position on White Lake, also had much to do with the disbanding of this settlement. But some stayed. About 1874 very few of a once populous community remained, and the land became practically worthless. The story is related that a Mr. Collins, whose nephew now resides in Whitehall, traded his 160 acres for a patent ox yoke worth but a few dollars.

Eventually only a few settlers were left, and these have since died or moved away. Today we see only the fields these hardy people tilled and a few ruins of the homes they left behind. Some of these places have since been identified. Just a few yards north of what was called Sprague's Corner on the west side of the road are the ruins of the settlement blacksmith shop. Camp West boasts of having one half of a bellows found in these ruins. Scouts get the credit for identifying the Hickey homestead. About seven years ago a group of Scouts found letters and papers strewn about this place. Imagine their surprise and delight when they discovered among these papers two documents signed by the "Great Emancipator," — Abraham Lincoln.

One of these was a citation for bravery dated 1863, the other Mr. Hickey's commission as a captain in the U.S. Army. There also was a letter sent by Mr. Hickey to his folks, describing the wonderful reception tendered him upon the arrival of his command in Chicago. Near Fox Lake on the northeast corner of the bend of the gravel road one mile south of Three Lakes Tavern stood the settlement school. On a little hill just south of Sprague's Corner, was the community cemetery. There are many graves, but time and relic hunters have obliterated most of the tombstones. What few remain have been set upright again and carefully preserved. Stage coaches, the principal means of transportation at that time, came to Wheat Settlement over the road just due north of the cemetery. This road ran diagonally across the clearing to Sprague's Corners. The junction of this road and that which corresponded to our present U.S. 31 was called Monroe's Corner after a man who settled there about 1880. That part of the U.S. 31 running directly northwest of the Green Lantern is also part of the old stage coach road.

But here enters a real mystery. A lost cemetery. Perhaps you can find it, and blaze a trail to it so that all may see that which has been hidden for many years. There were possibly only a half dozen graves in this cemetery that were prominently marked, the whole having a fence around it. But time and the elements have destroyed both the stones and fence. Back in 1921, during a Red and White War this cemetery was located by a group of scouts. Afterwards they were unable to re-locate it.

Later, in 1925, a leader, Russel Shuler, found it, but again it was lost. Here is the approximate location:

North of the road which passes the haunted house and the other cemetery, and south of the fence line which is ½ mile north of this road and which is on the edge of the woods. The cemetery itself is located in the heart of a dense woods and is approximately South of the old Hickey house, being about on a line between this house and the point where an old wagon trail which runs diagonally northwest and southeast from U.S. 31 to the sector line road on which Wheat Settlement cemetery is situated and strikes the latter road.

Now! Let's see who's going to rediscover this hidden cemetery and mark a trail so that Owasippe can have another interesting spot to add to its fascinating list.

An Interesting Yarn

Mark Covell tells an interesting story of these days. They had a camp on Minnie Creek five miles below Hesperia. A lot of small pine had been cut but had not yet been skidded and the camp was to move to another location several miles further up. Mark and a few other men were left at the old camp to pick up the remaining logs, which would take only one day. The cook got their noon lunch ready before leaving and packed it in a box.

Early in the morning the main gang moved. When non came and Mark and his men went to the cook shanty for diner, no lunch could be found. Someone had by mistake put it on a sleigh and had taken it to the other camp. On looking around they found part of a barrel of crackers and a jug of black molasses. One of the men put the crackers in a trough on a long table and another poured the molasses over them.

This constituted their dinner that day. The finished their job and went to the other camp that night. The next morning they found the ground covered with four feet of snow.

Soon after while the snow was still very deep, and the cold intense, a young German boy named John C. Fox, working at the Covell camp, 26 miles from Whitehall, was badly cut in the foot with an axe. Seneca Fuller, the cook, took clean cloths used for wiping dishes and bound up the foot. A sleigh was rigged up and a wagon box put on it. Fox was wrapped up in blankets and put in the box and Mark Covell and another man started for Whitehall about eight o'clock at night. Part of the way they had to tramp down the snow in front of the horses. It got colder and colder. At Cushman's mill the bolster got caught on a tree and the sleigh nearly tipped over. Fox, who was in intense pain, groaned. He then complained of being cold. Covell took of his overcoat

and put it on the wounded boy. He then had to walk behind the sleigh to avoid the wind in an effort to keep warm. In order to keep moving he had to hang on to the sleigh. Covell knew that when he reached the William Whitman place he could get a pair of bobs from Whitman and thus make traveling easier. But when they arrived there, Mrs. Whitman informed them that her husband had gone to Muskegon two days before them and had not returned. She expected him every minute, but Covell knew what these winter storms meant and he did not dare wait for such an uncertain thing. They took the boy to the Covell boarding house and secured Dr. McKinnon to dress the wound. When he had cut off the improvised bandages, the foot, which had grown to seemingly gigantic proportions and bore an ugly color, made Herman Staples, who was a witness, faint at the sight.

Fox remained there for several weeks before he could get out. He could not read English at the time and was lonesome. A druggist had some German almanacs, and each morning one would be taken to the boy. He would read it through and the next day he would be given another. In this way, he used up the druggist's supply. Fox was later in the livery business at White Cloud and is now a farmer near Fremont.

Cushman's Settlement

This place is typical of many others in the White River Country where people attempted to settle and soon discovered that there was little to live on.

Cushman's settlement covered a territory of miles around Cushman's Corners. It is located in the northeast portion, Section 21, Greenwood Township, Oceana County. It developed into quite a community, at one time having a population of 250. However, the land proved poor for farming and the people were "starved out."

A fire burnt down Cushman's place in May of 19930. The cause of the fire is unknown. Lumber occasionally is used for the grim purpose of building a gallows, but at Cushman's stands a tree that was used for this purpose, without being moved from its home. Near the mill site is a large oak called "Suicide Oak." Here Mrs. Cushman hanged herself, using an apron as a noose. She was thought to be insane. No other reason could be found for her act.

There seems to be another story of tragedy connected with this particular tree, but as yet no one has been found who can shed light on the mystery. Perhaps during your travels this summer you may be able to find some "old timer" who can tell you this story. Of course, if you do you'll let us know so that we can incorporate your discovery in this booklet.

Brown's Pond, A Cache of Watches

A man named Brown built a dam on sand Creek where Rochdale now stands. Close by he built a water power saw mill.

Having dammed the creek, he thus formed a pond, which still remains and bears his name. This pond was the scene of the last big lumber drive in the White River country. The Covells, who made this last drive, built a railroad which ran from Ferry to the pond.

In 1984 there was a wreck on the line near Ferry, in which seven were killed and two injured. This road was used till 1895, the year of the last drive, and then torn up. Remains of it can yet be seen, though the track clearing has since overgrown with bushes.

About 1910 or 1912, a group of Chicago promoters bought the property and subdivided it for lots. A new dam was built and the course of the creek changed, but one can still see the site of the old dam and creek bed.

The boarding house of the mill hands was used as the nucleus for the large Inn on the spot today.

Patsy Moran, a local character, while taking out stumps for the Fruitvale Company, found a large number of watches under a stump, so corroded by exposure they were worthless. What local highwayman, or Uncle Ike the money lender, put them away for safe keeping, and neglected to mark the hiding place?

Carleton Dreams of a County Seat

After the Hulberts failed to establish a salt well in the marsh (see story headed "Salt Marsh") they built a saw mill on Carlton Creek about three miles from the trading post.

They soon sold it to the Hon. I. E. Carleton who operated it until his death in 1871. The machinery was then moved to the power's mill at Ferry. The building has since entirely disappeared.

Capt. Dalton and the Hon. Carleton were great friends and frequent parties were held at either of the two mills. A crowd of twenty whites and fifty Indians gathered to participate in the first Fourth of July celebration in the White River Country in 1848. Then, as now, beans seemed to be the favorite "fruit" because the menu consisted exclusively of huge portions of these delectable tidbits savoured with filet of pig.

Capt. Dalton delivered an oration to the assembled throng and to cap the climax, the steamer Mitchell

hoisted its flag and both Whites and Indians joined in wild hurrahing.

At the time of its settlement this section was part of Ottawa county … Carleton and Dalton were both opposed to the founding of Muskegon county. Carleton, who became quite a figure in politics, wanted to form a county to be called Oceana (not the present Oceana) and proposed that it comprise the northern townships of Muskegon county and the southern townships of the present Oceana, with the county seat at his mill. If he had secured his wish, he undoubtedly would have eventually seen the county seat go to Whitehall or Montague, where the population and wealth later centered. All that remains of the dream of a county seat town are the magnificent maples he planted around his residence. The timbers of the old mill are gone and traces of the dam can be found only with difficulty.

A fishing club now has a cabin on the site of Carleton's residence.

Forest City Post office

The road from Silver Creek to Big Blue was used for transportation of mail long before Owasippe camps were established.

Today our postmaster bounces over this road in his rheumatic tin horse – not many years ago a man named Clark carried mail on horseback for the Pony Express on this same trail.

He traveled between Whitehall and Forest City (located near county line road – Newaygo county on Boland Creek). The mail route led west from Forest City on County Line road to Big Blue Lake, from there to the Spillway and thence to Whitehall. Several people still have letters marked "Forest City."

Slab Lake – Square Lake – Marl Bed – Wood Lake – Nine Acre Lot Lake –Virgin Norway Pine

A very interesting spot related to the early lumbering days is Slab Lake. This is situated in Section 26 of Blue Lake Township and is reached by following the main road 3 ¾ miles due east from Camp Dan Beard and then taking the trail leading Northeast. The lake is in plain sight to the right of the road.

On this lake there was for some years a shingle mill which burned and the ruins of which can now be seen. Logs were cut into short pieces, the correct size for shingles and then sawed into the shingles themselves. The operation, of course, collected a large amount of sawdust which was piled on the edge of the lake and gradually filled out into it. Interdispersed though the sawdust are the small blocks of logs which were not suitable for shingles and therefore not sawed.

On the lower end of Wood Lake which is in the Northwest corner of Section 35, Blue Lake Township, there is a large amount of slabs left by the saw mill formerly operated on this lake. In section 21 of Blue Lake township, near the headwaters of the west branch of Cleveland Creek, there is a marl bed. At one point the stream has worn a small waterfall which makes a musical tinkle that can be heard a considerable distance. In a country which is almost exclusively sand, it is both interesting and surprising to find a real waterfall.

In the southwest corner of Section 22 of Blue Lake Township is Square Lake, lying just North of the road. A trail just East of this lake leads North to Nine-acre Lot Lake where a few Primeval Pines may be found. These are well worth the trip to see. A faint branch to the right of the trail leading to Nine-acre Lot Lake leads to Cleveland Creek, one fork of it leading to Dam #1 and one to Dam #2. These are both hiking routes. A few Virgin Norway Pines may be found in a valley North of Canfield Lake in Section 29 of Blue Lake Township. Following the road leading North along the East side of the lake for about a quarter of a mile, the road leads down to a former lake bottom. Diagonally to the Northeast across this lake bottom is a beautiful dense grove of young white pine scattered through which may be found the old Norways referred to.

Hinchman's Halfway Camp

The name of this place describes exactly its purpose.

When the lumberjacks came down along the river during a long drive, they would put up at this place for the night. It was located approximately two miles above county line bridge to White River.

It originally was comprised of a group of perhaps half a dozen cabins. Close by there is a corduroy road used to transport logs to the river, for in addition to being a stopover point, logs were also gathered here and shoved into the river for their journey to Whitehall.

Skeel's Creek

This creek is named after Colonel Roffer Skeels who built a mill on it. Tragedy stalked the Skeel's mill, and it was finally abandoned.

One day a man, while pushing logs along a runway towards the huge rotary saw, slipped and was cut diagonally in half. Fellow workers picked up the body and placed it on a table, but found that the heart was still beating. I suppose now I should sway they sewed

him together and he lived happily ever after, but no – I must disappoint you, he actually died!

The Brass Pistol

A sudden, heavy downpour struck the city of Muskegon, driving people off the streets, and a considerable number took temporary refuge in the Occidental Hotel. Amongst these was a traveling salesman who sat down in a corner of the lobby and began chattering first about the weather, and then reminiscing about other storms which they had experienced. From there, the conversation drifted by natural degrees to tales of adventure and then to tales of mystery. When these had been going on for some time, one of the men told of an experience which he had as a boy.

He said, “There is one mystery that has been in our family for some thirty years. When I was a lad, I lived in the village of Whitehall, and used to go fishing along the banks of the White River. While doing so one time, I was standing on the very edge of the bank slightly above the edge of the river, when it suddenly caved in, having been undermined by the water. I got wet all over and pretty well muddied up, but on recovering my balance and started to climb out on the bank, I was surprised to get a metallic gleam of something which had been uncovered by my foot as I slid down. I stooped to pick it up to see what it was, and was very much surprised to find an old brass Derringer pistol of very curious design, which, when I later polished it, was found to have on it very intricate scroll work, and was apparently of German make. On finding this pistol I naturally explored around with my fingers to see if I could find anything in addition and succeeded in uncovering two or three bones which were apparently human bones, and an old beaded moccasin. I was, of course, very much excited at this discovery and immediately ran home and told my father about it.

He got the sheriff and they came out and dug thoroughly around the vicinity and succeeded eventually in uncovering nearly a complete skeleton of a man together with a mate to the moccasin which I had found. They were, however, unable to determine any clue as to who the man was or how he had died, so they gave the bones a decent burial as they could, and my father permitted me to keep the pistol as a souvenir, but we have wondered always to whom the pistol and moccasins belonged and how he came to meet his death. We at first supposed that it must have been an Indian on account of the beaded moccasins, but the appearance of the bones seemed to indicate that it had been a white man.”

During the telling of this story, one man had been listening very intently, leaning further and further forward into his chair. On its conclusion he said to the speaker, - “I am very much interested in your story and wonder if would be possible for me to see the brass pistol. I have never seen but one of the kind you describe, and I should like very much to see whether this one resembles it. I wonder if you would be willing to send it to me and I will return it, or I will be willing to go to your home in Whitehall to see it.” The other man replied that it would not be necessary for him to make a trip as he always carried the pistol along with him in his grip. He then produced it and gave it to the other man. He took the pistol and examined it very closely, turning it over and over in his hands. Finally, he straightened up and handed back the pistol saying, “Well. That explains a mystery that has long puzzled our family. Some fifty years ago my father was in charge of a lumber gang that was working on the White River. There came to Whitehall a Swede who was known as Jense. He was a peculiar chap, never, talking about himself and mixing very little with those about him. He signed up as a member of my father’s group and went up into the woods with him. He had very little to say and made few friends. However, he did have a knack of making friends with the Indians who frequented the region, and after some time a local chief presented to him a pair of beautiful beaded moccasins which he highly prized. Jense was a man of quick temper, rather sullen, but a good worker, doing faithfully his share of the work. However, he was not willing to be imposed upon, and resented being asked to more than he felt was his share. He would come in from a hard days work in the woods or on the river, draw off his heavy lumbering boots, slip on these Indian moccasins and sit and smoke his pipe for a while before going to bed. He had no active enemies of which we knew, but he always by day or night carried with him a curiously designed and highly ornamental German Derringer pistol which was made of brass. We often wondered if he was afraid of some enemy tracking him down and so perhaps carried this pistol for his self-protection.

Snow’s Trail and Mounds

Location: South of Big Blue Lake

There are many old lumbering trails throughout the entire White River region which were used primarily to haul logs to the various roll-aways. Generally speaking, these roads wind from tree-to-tree and keep as far as possible in the low land in order to avoid the necessity of hauling the trees over ridges.

One such trail was built by Don Snow (See story “Lumbering on Cleveland Creek) along the South Side

of Blue Lake to Cleveland Creek. This trail, which has not been used since about 1890, is known as Snow's Trail and much of it had been cleared out as a hiking trail by the Scouts.

When the trail was built, there was discovered a series of mounds that were evidently graves. These are located at a spot perhaps two hundred yards west of there the trail crossed the outlet from Blue Lake and lying southeast of the sunk hole formerly known as Pickerel Pond. When the trail was being built it was necessary to cut off one corner of one of these grave mounds, and an old musket was unearthed. It was thought at first that this was an Indian cemetery, but the general formation and lay of the mounds makes this doubtful.

It may be that back in the very early days before this region settled at all, some exploring bands of pioneers had a battle with the Indians on this spot and lost several of their number and buried them in the woods.

The Oceana Lumbering Boat

The hulk of an old lumbering boat, the Oceana. Used by the Daltons (see Dalton's Mill story). To carry supplies to their camp from Whitehall, may be seen along sand creek.

A number of years ago a heavy storm tore out the old dam on Sand Creek Point at Rochdale, beside where the Inn now is. When the dam was rebuilt, the channel was changed to a different course so that the old channel became nothing but a marsh which became overgrown with a thicket of alder and other brush.

The old lumber boat, therefore, remained stranded in the old channel where it is now entirely surrounded by brush, much of which is growing through the center of the boat itself.

On account of the difficulty of locating this boat, a definite trail was blazed to it. To find the boat follow the roadway that leads from the Rochdale Inn Road along the west bank of the old channel about fifty yards. Before you come to the woods, there is a solitary large pine on the edge of the bank. Looking directly west from this pine, the 'blazed trail can be picked up which leads directly to the old lumber boat some five hundred feet distance.

A Log Drive

All winter the men and teams have been at work in the woods hauling logs to the river bank, and when the snow and ice are gone they prepare to float them to the mill. This is called driving logs.

Driving logs in the old days on the White River was a job requiring considerable nerve as well as skill. The men engaged in the work were constantly in danger of being drowned or crushed in the jams or roll-aways. They were generally a lot of hardy, active fellows, who were ready to take the risk, as the work commanded good wages and there was no lost time, Sunday included, from the day their names were enrolled on the pay list.

As the lonely winter wore away and the signs of spring began to come, rivermen began to come in from the woods and congregate in Whitehall, the headquarters for all the camps along the White River. From the middle of March until the first of April the saloons did a rushing business. The general rule for the lumber men was first buy a suit of clothes, including boots with a hundred corks, *sharpened bits of steel) in each. A red sash to tie around the waist completed the outfit, and next to go to the saloons and blow the balance of cash. This last proceeding usually resulted with a black eye and a bloody nose.

When his money was a spent he was ready to go up the river to the point the superintendent assigned him twenty miles or more away. His friend, the saloon keeper has equipped him with two quarts of execrable fluid and a package of peerless tobacco, shakes his hand and off he starts on foot. All day long he trudges along a trail, obstructed by fallen trees often leading through swamps and swale. About 9:00 P.M. he arrives at camp footsore and weary. The camp consists of a heap of blazed logs around which the men gather after a day's work is over. There, wet garments hang upon poles to dry, while they regale themselves with all of the delicacies a wilderness affords, a tin cup of strong tea, a tin plate on which is served boiled potatoes, salt pork, baked beans and warm biscuits. A little to one side is a large tent furnished with hemlock boughs and coarse blankets. This is the sleeping apartment. On the opposite side of the fire is a smaller tent for the cook's supplies. Here is another fire where the cooking is done. Two crotched sticks are driven into the ground. A pole laid across to support the two or three iron pots in which the boiling is done. Tin ovens open to the fire are used for baking. This department is presided over by a male cook who can chew and smoke as much tobacco as any of the boys. After supper the evening entertainment begins.

It is usually opened by White-Water-Bill, and concluded by a thrilling story from Roll-Way-Jack. At it's conclusion the men "turn in" to sleep if they can, or if wakeful to be serenaded by "hoot owls" or the hum of the hungry mosquito. At the first flush of dawn the stentorian voice

of the cook is heard calling “Turn out boys,” and soon the camp is alive. The men appear with boots in hand that require much pulling and kicking against the stumps with some load talking before they are settled to their owner’s satisfaction. After a dowse of cold spring water they are ready for breakfast and the day’s work. They shoulder their pevies and headed by the foreman, they strike out in Indian file though the swamp and wood until they reach a high bluff at the foot of which is the head of the jam. The logs are piled in great confusion from bank to bank and extend up the river for a mile or more in a solid body.

Below the river runs clear and smooth and winds off through the swamp like a huge snake. The men go down the hill and after considerable lifting, rolling and chopping, the jam is broken and the logs begin to move. The great body of water above sends them down with ever increasing velocity, often tearing trees from the banks and sending them breaking and crashing down stream with the logs. This the river driver calls a good haul. The hauling of a jam in rapid water is very exciting work. Many a man is thrown headlong into the water for being more daring than the rest. This is a common occurrence and as the sun rises higher and warms the air, this little episode is soon forgotten as the men jump on the logs as they go rolling and whirling down the river, often having to lie down on the log to get under overhanging branches. Men get to be experts and some will handle a log as easily as others a canoe. The men scatter along the river in places where the logs are most likely to jam. The men above break them loose and those below keep them moving on over this division to the crew below, and so one to the sorting grounds at the mouth of the river.

Further up is another crew who clean up the drive. It consists of two gangs of men called the jam crew and the sackers. During the driving some logs are crowded out along the shore. The sackers roll these back into the river and are continually wading in the water all day. When the logs are sacked into the rear of the jam, the jam crew breaks them loose and stops them a mile or so below by swinging a broomstick across the river. This is done to raise the water so the sackers can float the heavier logs that always hang behind the jam. After the sack is brought in the jam is again moved, and so on until late in the season the last log is sacked in and delivered at the mills; then the men are paid. After fitting themselves with clothes for the winter; they soon deposit their remaining cash with the saloon keeper and taking his receipt in sore heads and black eyes they are off again for the woods.

Such was the life of the River Driver on White River in the times that are past.

Beginnings
The original 40 acres outside of Whitehall Michigan on the shores of Crystal Lake were donated to the Chicago Council in 1910 by local business men hoping to increase tourism to the Whitehall area. In 1911 a small group of scouts and workmen dug a well and built the basics of a camp. In 1912 they held their first summer camp operation there. The camp was originally called Camp White in 1912 and in 1913 the name was changed to Camp Owasippe. Scouts would take a steamship, a full day's sail, to get to camp back then.

A few years later, Scouts would debark from Dearborn Street Statiion to ride the Pierre Marquette train to a spot just south of Whitehall nicjnamed "Scout Siding." The steam engine would stop with a jerk and the Scouts would sort their gear into one of three piles, one for each camp; West, Beard or Stuart. Then they would load the gear onto wagons and hike the short distance in to the camps.

Chekagou
"In the summer of 1932, many of us attended Camp Chekagou, one of the Owasippe Scout Camps, located with Camp Blackhawk (for West Side troops) on Crystal Lake, near Muskegon, Michigan. In 1934, Chekagou and Blackhawk were closed and the Northwest and West Districts were moved to Camp MacDonald (renamed Camp Stuart) on nearby Big Blue Lake. The camp period was ten days, from Sundays to Wednesdays, and we got there on the Pere Marquette Railroad. The camp fees were $10.00 and the fare was $5.00."

David H. Heller, Chicago Jewish History Vol. 24, No. 3, Summer 2000, Chicago Jewish Historical Society, p. 12

Order of the Arrow & Owasippe
Most Scouters know that E.Urner Goodman founded the Order of the Arrow, however many do NOT know that Mr Goodman was a prior reservation director at Owasippe in 1925. It was at this time, that he introduced this new concept, we now refer to as the "OA", to Owasippe and Chicago Area Scouts.

The first National Convention convened in Philadelphia on October 7, 1921, and a National Lodge composed of all of the constituent local lodges, represented by four delegates from each, was formed. It took over the affairs of the Order, adopted a constitution and a statement of policies, and appointed committees to develop further details.

Following this initial convention, a steady progressive growth in lodges and membership was noted. Successive National Lodge meetings were held annually, later, biannualy. In November of 1929, at the National Lodge meeting, some discussion was held pointing to the adoption of the Order by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, as a component part of its program. At the session of the National meeting held at Owasippe Scout Reservation in 1933, this proposal was made and ratified by the delegates present.

Owasippe Post Office
Given a post office spelled Owasippi on August 1, 1924, with Herman Mahew as its first postmaster. With Craig Atkinson as postmaster, the spelling was changed to Owasippe on May 22, 1929.

Wildcat Trails
From the 1977 Owasippe Trail Map

From each of the locations below, one of which is near your section camp, a white-eyed wildcat trail begins, circles through the woods, and returns to the point of beginning so you won't get lost.

1. Water tower northeast of Camp Dan Beard at Owasippe Lake
2. Chapel west side of Lake Wolverine.
3. South end of Sauger Lake.
4. Camp Blackhawk pier.

(Note this is referencing the original Blackhawk waterfront near the Alfred Stern Dining Hall).

The wildcat trail is blazed with 2 dots of reflecting paint. After dark when you shine a flashlight at these two dots, they appear to be wildcat eyes. White reflecting paint makes a white-eyed wildcat trail.

Somewhere along this white-eyed trail you may find a yellow-eyed trail. This yellow-eyed trail is for more experienced scouts. Follow the yellow-eyed trail a short distance to a wildcat den. The den is a group of trees with many pairs of reflecting eyes. From this den you must walk the compass course below in order to find the den from which the yellow-eyed wildcat trail continues back to the white-eyed wildcat trail.

270 degrees 250 feet Den
30 degrees 250 feet Den
330 degrees 250 feet Den
90 degrees 250 feet Den

From this last den a wildcat trail returns you to the white-eyed trail.

CAMP CHEERS

Camp Blackhawk
Go!

Camp Carlin
Over all!

Camp Dan Beard
B-E-A-R-D!
B-E-A-R-D!
B-E-A-R-D!
Yea! Beard!

Camp James E. West
West is the best!

Camp Reneker
Go for it!

Camp Robert Crown
Mojave! Mojave!
[Clap. Clap. Clap-clap-clap]

Camp Sauger Lake
Sauger Lake—Over All!
Sauger Lake—Over All!
Sauger Lake—Over All!.

Camp Stuart - I
Super camp Stuart! Hey!
Super camp Stuart! Hey!
Super camp Stuart! Hey!
Stuart Has It Together

Camp Stuart - II
BEMO!
BEMO!
BEMO!
Stuart Has It Together

Camp Wolverine
Zaxie!

Camp Wolverine North
Zap!

Camp Wolverine South
Dixie!

Blackhawk Fight Song
Oh'. We're the men of Camp Blackhawk;
We scout with all our might.
We're rough and tough and hard to bluff
And for his name we'll fight.
So take us on and then you'll see
How much of this is time.
We're the scouts of Camp Blackhawk
"Who the heck are you?"

Blackhawk Song
Tune: "The Orange and Black" of Princeton
Author: Roy Plait, Troop 200

Every Scout should go a camping,
In a place that's nature's own,
And every West Side Scouter knows,
That Blackhawk's nature's home;
Midst the flowers and birds of summer,
By the waters of Big Blue,
Let every Scout just stand and shout,
"My Blackhawk I'm for you."

Camp Blackhawk - I
It's a great gang that goes to Blackhawk—Go!
It's a great gang to know
Always full of pep and ginger
And the watchword is let's go— Let's Go!
Always on the level.
Always on the square
It's a great gang that goes to Blackhawk—Go!
And my heart's right there

Camp Blackhawk Song-II
Tune: Artillery Song

Over hill, over dale,
As we hit the camping trail,
And our buddies are hiking along;
In and out, hear them shout,
GEE am glad that I'm a scout
As we're singing that old camping song.
Then it's hi-hi-he,
Camp Blackhawk for me,
Shout out that name loud and strong,
BLACKHAWK!
Where'er you go, you will always know,
That a true Scout will always come back,
To Camp Blackhawk,
For a true Scout will always come back.

Camp Blackhawk Song-III
Tune: "Sweet Chewalka"

Dear old Blackhawk
By the sleepy water
Take this weary scouter
Over to you;

Dear old Blackhawk
How I love to be here
How I love to see here
Friends old and new.

Night shades calling,
Moonbeams falling
over the water
Tom toms beating,
bringing golden memories.

Dear Old Blackhawk
By the sleepy water
Take this weary scouter
Over to you.

Camp Wilderness Song
Tune: "A Capital Ship"

1. We're a Scouting Troop that's flown the coop
For a rollicking, roving tramp;
We're a bunch of boys who know the joys
Of making a forest camp.
We know the trail when stars are pale,
Or by the light of day,
And our haversacks are on our backs,
So let's be on our way.

Chorus
Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!
To Wilderness we'll go,
with joyous hearts each Scout will start,
And this will be our song:
We're off on the morning breeze,
To see the lakes and trees;
There's room for more in our jolly corps,
So won't you come along?

2. Oh, we know the place where brook-trout race
And the haunt of the beaver, too;
And the secret ground where nuts are found,
we'll show the spot to you.
You'll learn to make a fire and bake
A meal to fill your turn,
And we'll make you a Scout beyond a doubt,
So pick up your feet and come!

Camp James E. West
Cheer, cheer for James E. West,
Shout out the name of the camp you love best,
Let the echoes ring on high,
While we your praise sing to the skies;
Here's to your Scouts who are loyal to you.
No other camp so dear to us,
We pledge you our loyalty, Camp West!

Camp West Rally Song
Tune: Washington & Lee College Fight Song

And then the Camp West boys will fall in line
And we will do our stuff another time.
For the standards that we love so well,
Our scouting troops will yell, yell and yell
And then well fight, fight, fight, with all our might.
For our reputation day and night
And we will always do our very best,
with a zest for old Camp West.

Famous Crystal Lake
Famous Crystal Lake so Clear,
Chicago Scouts revere, From the days of old,
There dear old Owasippe, Each year trained Scouts
should be Good campers all,
O'er the land there spread its fame
Till the camp so large became It split in three,
Then South Shore and Calumet
Formed the new camp James E. West.
Now our own camp James E. West.

It surely is the best in all the lead,
Here we have our woodcraft games
and learn of trees the names and other lore.
Whether in our work or play,
Great fun we have each day in all we do,
While we strive to worthy be
Of the name of our great Chief.

Stuart Camp Song - I
Tune: Spirit of Independence

We're Stuart Campers brave and free,
Loyal sons of Chief Owasippe,
We work and play and sing the whole day long
We build up friendships true and strong Hail Stuart!
No matter how far we may roam
Stuart will always be our home,
And when our camping days have ceased to be
we'll praise Owasippe.

Stuart Camp Song –II
Tune: Spirit of Independence

Hail Stuart Camp so brave and free
Loyal sons of Chief Owasippe
We're gonna work and strive the whole day through
Making friendships through and through. Hail Stuart!
No matter how far we may roam
Stuart will always be our home
And when our camping days cease to be
We'll hail Owasippe
Owasippe!

Stuart Camp Song - III
Tune: Spirit of Independence - Circa 1970's

Hail Stuart campers brave and free,
Loyal sons of Chief Owasippe,
We work and play and sing the whole day Through
To build a friendship through and through.
Hail Stuart!
No matter how far we may roam
Stuart will always be our home, and
when our camping days have ceased to be
we'll praise Owasippe.
Owasippe! Hey!

Camp Beard Victory March
Tune: Maine Stein Song

Give a cheer for dear old Beard!
Shout 'til the rafters ring,
Stand and give a cheer once again,
Let every loyal Beard man sing,
Cheer for all the happy hours,
Cheer for the carefree days,
Cheer for Dan Beard Troop Camp,
The camp that's in our hearts always.

Come along, come along,
come along and hit the trail with us,
Come along, come along
and roam through forests green with us,
Come along, come along
and paddle down streams with us,
Come along, come along,
come along with us today.

Give a cheer for dear old Beard!
Shout 'til the rafters ring,
Stand and give a cheer once again,
Let every loyal Beard man sing,
Cheer for all the happy hours,
Cheer for the carefree days,
Cheer for Dan Beard Troop Camp,
The camp that's in our hearts always.

Camp Dan Beard Song
Tune: Comell Alma Hater

High above Lake Owasippe's waters,
In among the trees,
Floats the banner of Camp Dan Beard,
Waving in the breeze.
Hail to Dan Beard, Hail to Dan Beard,
with its Scouts so true,
With the spirit of good Scouting,
Hail Dan Beard to yowl

Owasippe Hymn
Tune: "Cornell Alma Mater"
Words by E. Urner Goodman, 1925

All the wealth of earth and Heaven
Bless thy woods and dales;
Over all the lakes and forests,
Happy youth, prevails
So may scouting's bond of friendship
Seal our loyalty
To the camp so dear to memory,
Hail, O-WAS I-PPE:

The Owasippe Chant
Leader: Scouts come listen to my tale
All: Hail Owasippe!
Leader: Let it ring from every hill and dale,
All: Happy Scouts are we!
Leader: Leave *your* cities far behind
All: Hail Owasippe!
Leader: On the trail a whole new life you'll find,
All: Sons of Owasippe!

Chorus
Sing out loud and strong
with a hearts that's brave and free.
Let us sing our joyous carefree song,
Sons of Owasippe:

(Repeat verses in the same leader/all style)

2. Join us in the forest green
Where the winds blow free and the air is clean,
See our waters blue and clear
We return so faithfully each year,

3. Downstream flashes our canoes
On the waters flowing swift and true,
White and Pine and Manistee
All the streams of the Pottawatomie

4. Out where pines grow straight and tall
Where the rippling singing waters fall
There you'll find our happy Scouts
On the ancient timeworn Indian routes,

5. Praise our great and mighty chief
Let us sing his name and feel no grief
Once he ruled this wondrous land
Now the scouts have joined his loyal land

6. We are guardians of this land,
Come, speak your mind and take a stand.
Do what's right and fight the wrong,
So our scouts will always sing this song!

It Must Be Owasippe
By Ed Kinnerk, 1981

Well the summer is under way
From the city I came today.
Wait a minute, where can I be?
Well, this must be Owasippe.

The might oak trees, the sassafras
The rolling valleys, the lakes of glass,
The sweetest sunsets you'll ever see,
Well, this must be Owasippe.

A lasting Friendship, a merit badge,
Discovering skills you never thought you had,
And there's adventure for that dream.
It's all here at Owasippe.

Here the eagle with grace does fly,
A threatened hero in an endless sky,
A stirring moment for those that see.
That's what I call Owasippe.

Chorus
And whole you're here, you'll see
what Scouting can truly be
And pretty soon you'll find
It's in your heart and mind.

As the days pass you'll realize
Your choice to come here proved to be wise,
And maybe next year, if it's to be,
You'll be back at Owasippe.

And down your life's path and far away,
You may reflect upon your yesterdays.
You carry with you a memory
And its name is Owasippe.

Sauger Lake Song
Tune: Crest of the Wave

We're camping along at the Great Sauger Lake,
And the camp is number one.
All of the scouts and all of their leaders,
Are here for scouting fun.
We are the greatest!
With all Owasippe behind us.
We're camping along at the Great Sauger Lake
And Ad-Ven-Ture's ours.

Sauger Lake Camp Song
Tune: "Over There"

Sauger Lake, Sauger Lake
Spread the word of the great Sauger Lake

For the staff is steady, the Scouts are ready
To share fun and friendship through the camp.

Over all, over all
Our pride will shine over all
Our camp is best, better than the rest
As part of it we stand very tall

Sauger Lake, Sauger Lake
Shout out for our great Sauger Lake
It's really clear that we are here
Sauger Lake is over, over, over all!

Camp Chicaugau Song
Oh we're the scouts of Chicaugau
You hear so much about
The people stop and stare at us
whenever we go out.
We're rated for our wisdom
And the clever things we do,
Most everybody like us
And we hope you'll like us too.
As we go marching, and the band begins to play
U! Rah! Rah!
You can hear us shouting
The Boy Scout troops are here today.

Robert T. Crown Song
Tune: "The Titanic"

1. One day we built a great camp,
We called it Robert Crown;
And when we put it up,
No one could bring it down.
Oh the rain will rain, the sun will shine,
and Summer days will pass, and we'll still call,
The Great Camp Robert Crown.

Chorus
Oh we are proud! (repeat)
Oh we are proud: (repeat)
Oh we are proud to be part of Robert Crown
Of the great camp Robert Crown;

Group I:
Crown, Crown, Grown, Crown
We are proud to be part of Robert Crown.

Group 2:
Staffman and Scouts will hail to the shouts,
We are proud to be part of Robert Crown.

2. The day that the Scouts come,
we treat them just like kings;
We fill them up with bug juice
and teach them Scouting things.
Oh the staff will sing, the Scouts will shout,
as we all cry out. And we hail to
The Great Camp Robert Crown.

3. Scouts come to Owasippe
They camp here year to year
But the ones at Robert Crown
Are the finest we have here
Oh the rain will rain, the sun will shine
And the summer days will pass
And we'll still call this great camp Robert Crown!

Wolverine South Song
Tune: "Viva La Company"

1. Let every good South man now join in a song,
Viva la Wolverine
For some day the North men may come along
Viva la Wolverine! HEY!

Chorus
Viva la viva la viva la South
Viva la viva la viva la South
Viva la South, viva la South
Viva la Wolverine!

2. Let Stuart go back to its old dining hall,
Viva la Wolverine
But we're sorry to say Beard has none at all.
Viva la Wolverine

3. Family Camp comes to look and to stare,
Viva la Wolverine
But why are we never allowed over there.
Viva la Wolverine

4. Blackhawk looks big but it really is small,
Viva la Wolverine
one look at Wilderness leaves you appalled.
Viva la Wolverine

5. Oh we're from the South and we're proud of it too,
Viva la Wolverine
When North stole our flag we sunk their canoes.
Viva la Wolverine

6. Old Sauger Lake is a hole in the ground.
Viva la Wolverine
And some of their stuff can never be found.
Viva la Wolverine

7. Now we've got a staff that's better then ever,
Viva la Wolverine
And from this tradition we will part never.
Viva la Wolverine

Wolverine North Song
Tune: "The Scout Company"

1. You can see our star, in the Northern sky;
Up above the pines, in the clear blue sky.

Chorus
Oh, the North Wolverine is the best Wolverine;
To e-ver come out of 0-wa-sip-pe.
N-O-R-T-H spells a great camp.
Come along with me to our great camp.
Tra-la-la-la-la HEY!
Tra-la-la-la-la HEY!
We are Scouts of North Wolverine.

2. Scouting is fun, at North Wolverine
Where life is free, and the Staff's on the beam.

3. At North Wolverine, we're the Good Guy's Camp
We've set the torch, to the Scouting Lamp.

4. Up at the North, We're an A-1 camp
There the weather's fine, and never ever damp.

5. The North Wolverine is the best place to be;
Up in the forests of God's Country.

6. The Scout Oath and Law are the rules of our land;
And the Scouts that we have are the best at hand.

Camp Wolverine
The spark is alive, the spirit's here
The time has come for us to cheer
With swelling pride, let voices ring
With hearts united let us sing
We'll give a rah-rah-rah for Wolverine
A cheer for our loyalty
We're gonna work and strive for our great camp
Defend its unity— Wolverine!

Proud of our colorful heritage
As proud as we are today
Great Scouts, great staff, great part of Owasippe
Onward Wolverine!

Camp Carlin Song
Look ahead to the days of the summer
Look ahead to the freedom that they give
We'll return once again to Camp Carlen
Where the spirit of Scouting has lived

And the challenge of our Camp Carlen
Is the outdoor life to lead
From the forests and the lakes to the friends that we make
May Carlen always be

Reneker Family Camp
Tune: "Hey Look us Over"

Hey look us over; we're from Family Camp;
Fresh from the city, to serve our time at camp.
We like to swim, and we like to hike;
But on our way to Eagle's nest.
We have to take a thousand rests.

It's up in the morning, at the crack of dawn;
While the staff goes swimming
The campers mow the lawn.
But what we like most in this joyous place
Is all you campers' happy faces,

We're from Family Camp. F-A-M-I-L-Y
Why? Because we like it.
We're from Family Camp

Lower Lake Medley
During the seventies, a tradition developed at Stuart to sing each of the camp songs from the camps on Owasippe Lake as a rememberance to the Owasippe tradititon that still burned deep from West and Beard, even though they were no longer in operation. The medly ended the evening's program and concluded with the Owasippe Hymn and The Crest of the Wave.

1. Camp West Rally Song
2. Camp Beard Victory March
3. Stuart Camp Song
4. Owasippe Hymn
5. The Crest of the Wave

The Crest of the Wave
Because we're riding along
on the crest of the wave,
And the sun is in the sky.

All of our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers by.
We'll do the hailing!
While other ships around are sailing.
We're riding along on the crest of the wave,
And the world is ours!

Blow the Man Down

Oh, come all ye fellows that follow the sea
All: With a Yo! Ho! Blow the man down.
And please pay attention and listen to me,
All: Give us some time to Blow the man down.

There were tinkers & tailors & sailors & all,
All: With a Yo: Ho: Blow the man down

They shipped for good seamen on board the Black Ball
All: Give us some time to blow the man down

Tis larboard & starboard you jump to the call
All: With a Yo: Ho! Blow the man down

Then kicking Jack Williams commands the Black Ball
All: Give us some time to blow the man down

Chorus
Oh: Blow the man down, laddies, Blow the man down
With a Yo! Ho! Blow the man down.
Give us some time to blow the man down,
Give us some time to blow the man down.

Drunkin Sailor

Chorus
Wey, hey, and up she rises,
Wey, hey, and up she rises,
Wey, hey, and up she rises,
Earli in the morning.

1. What do you do with a drunkin sailor
What do you do with a drunkin sailor
What do you do with a drunkin sailor
Earli in the morning?

2. Put him in the brig on bread and water
Put him in the brig on bread and water
Put him in the brig on bread and water
Earli in the morning.

3. Shave his belly with a rusty razor
4. Put him in a long boat and make him bail it
5. Put him in the bilge and make him drink it
6. Hang him from the yardarm till he's sober
7. Put him in a scuttle with a hosepipe on him
8. Put him in the cabin with the captain's Daughter
9. Have you ever seen the captain's daughter.

Mermaid Song

Chorus
Well the Ocean winds may blow
And the Stormy seas may roll
But we poor sailors go skipping
Through the tops
As the land lubbers lie down below, below, below!
As the land lubbers lie down below.

1. T'was Friday morn when we set sail
and we were not far from the land.
When we spied a mermaid fair
with a comb and a brush in her hand

2. Well up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well spoken captain was he.
"I have me a wife in Salem town
Who tonight a widow she'll be!"

3. Then up spoke the Cooky of our gallant ship
And a red hot Cooky was he.
"I care much more for my pots and pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

4. Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
And a scummy little runt was he.
"There is no one in Salem town
That gives a heck about me."

5. So three times around went our gallant ship
Yes, three times around went she,
It was three times around on our gallant ship
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Queen's Navy

I'm in the Queen's Navy
I'm in the Queen's Navy
I don't want to be in the Infantry (Stomp feet)
Ride in the Cavalry (Pretend to ride horse)
Shoot the Artillery (Pretend to shoot)
I don't want to fly over Germany (Pretend to fly

I'm in the Queen's Navy
I'm in the Queen's Navy Toot-toot
I'm in the Queen's Navy Toot-toot

(Sing again but omit words; Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, fly over Germany, and just do the motions)

Roll Me Over the Billows

Chorus
Roll me over the billows, roll me over the sea
Roll me over the billows and the deep blue sea
Oh roll me over the billows roll me over the sea
Roll me over the billows and the deep blue sea.

1. It's the cheese, the cheese
The cheese that makes the mice go round.
It's the cheese, the cheese
The cheese that makes the mice go round
It's the cheese the cheese
The cheese that makes the mice go round.
cheese—that—makes—the—mice—go—round.

2. It's the mice, the mice
The mice that makes the cats go round
It's the mice, the mice

The mice that makes the cats go round.
It's the mice, the mice
The mice that makes the cats go round
mice—that—makes—the—cats—go—round

3. Cats - Dogs
4. Dogs - Girls
5. Girls - Boys
6. Boys - Staff
7. Staff - Camp
8. Camp - World

The Three Fishermen
There were three jolly fishermen (All).
There were three jolly fishermen (All)
Leader: Fisher, Fisher
Group: Men, Men Men
Leader: Fisher, Fisher
Group: Men, Men Men
There were three jolly fishermen (All)

2. The first one's name was Abraham (All)
3. The second one's name was I-I-zak (All)
4. The third one's name was Ja-a-cob (All)
5. They all went up to Jer-i-cho, (All)
6. They should have gone to Am-ster-shush, (All)

7. I'm gonna say it anyway (All),
I'm gonna say it anyway (All),
Leader: Am-ster, Am-ster
Group: Dam, Dam, Dam
Leader: Am-ster, Am-ster
Group: Dam, Dam, Dam
They should have gone to Am-ster-dam. (All)

There's A Hole In The Bottom of the Sea
There's a Hole in the bottom of the sea
There's a Hole in the bottom of the sea
There's a Hole, There's a Hole,
There's a Hole in the bottom of the sea.

2. There's a Log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a Log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a Log, There's a Log
There's a Log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

3. Bump on the log
4. Frog on the bump
5. Fly on the frog.
6. Wing on the fly.
7. Flea on the wing.

Titanic
Oh they built the ship Titanic
to sail the ocean blue;
And they thought they build a ship
that the water wouldn't go through;
But the good Lord raised his hand and
Said "This ship will never stand"
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus
Leader: Oh it was sad!
All: Oh it was sad!
Leader: Oh it was sad!
All: Oh it was sad!
Oh it was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the ...
Part I:
... Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.
Part II:
... Sea-sea-sea-sea.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

2. Oh they were not very far
from Greenland's friendly shores,
When the rich refused to
associate with the poor.
So they put them down below
where they'd be the first to go,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

3. The lifeboats were lowered
in the stormin' ragin' sea,
As the band struck up with
"Near My God to Thee'
Little children wept and cried
as the waves crashed o'er the side,
It was sad when the great ship went down

4. (slowly) Oh the captain stood on deck
with a tear in his eye,
As the last boat left
he waved them all good-bys
He (fast) thought he made a slip,
so he went down with his ship,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

5. The moral of this story,
this tale of woe & pain
Is if you are very rich,
Don't try to be too vain
For in the good Lord's eyes,
you're the same
as the other guys.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

An Old Austrian

Leader: An old Austrian went yodeling on a mountain so high and along came a:

1. Cuckoo bird-cuckoo (imitate bird beak with hand)
2. Skier-swish (wave arm across body diagonally)
3. Avalanche-rumble, rumble (drop arms down from above)
4. Ambulance-wheee, (twirl index finger in the air)
5. St. Bernard-arf, arf (hands up like paws, tongue out)
6. Grizzly bear-roar (hold curled out like claws)
7. Moo-moo-cow-sgoosh, sgoosh (milk cow)
8. Fair maiden-AHI (knees together, hand on hair)
9. Her father-Bang! (hold shotgun and shoot)
10. Army Sergeant-hubba hubba back to work! (salute)
11. Girl Scout-Cookies (make the Girl Scout sign)

… and interrupted his cry.

Response (slow)
Ho-le-di, Ho-de-le-di-ah-da, Ho-di-le,
Ho-de-le-di-ah-da, Ho-di-le Ho-de-le-di-ah-da,
Ho-di-le He-de-le-di-ah-he.

Chorus Actions:
First time "Ho-le-di, ..." drum hands on thighs then the rest of the verse sequence of slap hands on thighs, clap hands together, snap fingers, repeat

Apples and Bananas

Apples and Bananas
I want to eat, I want to eat, eat apples and bananas
I want to eat, I want to eat, eat apples and bananas

(Repeat replacing vowels with "aa", "ee","i", "oh", "oo", "oy", "er", "iggle", etc.)

Damper Song

Oh! you push the damper in
(extend right arm forward)
Find you pull the damper out
(pull right arm back)
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same
(curl right hand up the chimney in a spiral)
Just the same,
(full arm sweep to the right)
Just the same,
(full arm sweep to the left)
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
(curl hand up in a spiral again)

2. Whistle it with all the motions.
3. Silently-putting in all the motions.

Down by the Old Millstream

(Sign language to music using hands to make motions while singing.)

Down (point downward)
by (motion good-bye)
the old (as though stroking beard)
mill (revolving hands in wheel-like motion) stream (a zigzag motion),
Where I (point to eye)
first (finger raised)
met (handclasp)
you (point),
With your (point)
eyes (point to eyes)
of blue (point to sky)
dressed (touch clothing)
in gingham (point to gums)
too (two fingers);
It was there (point)
I (point to eye)
knew (point to forehead)
that you (point)
loved (hand to heart)
me (point to yourself)
true; You (point)
were sixteen (on hands),
my (Point)
village queen (crown motion over head)
Down by the old mill stream
(do same as first line).

Goin On a Lion Hunt

(Audience echoes each line and sets up clap/lap-slapping rhythm.)

Goin' on a lion hunt.
Goin to catch a big one.
I'm not afraid.
Look, what's up ahead?
Mud!
Can't go over it.
Can't go under it.
Can't go around it.
Gotta go through it. (Make sloshing sounds and move hands as if slogging.)

Repeat replacing "Mud" with verses below)

Sticks. (Snap fingers.)
Tree. (Make gestures climbing up and down.)
Gate. (Make gate-opening gestures.)
River. (make swimming gestures.)
Cave. (Go in it and find lion.)

(Reverse all motions quickly together home.)

Head, Shoulders, Knees & Toes
(Sing through 3 times: quicker each time and point to respective part of body as song continues.)

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes,
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes,
Eyes and ears and a mouth and a nose,
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Hocky Tocky Umba
Leader: (spoken)
This song is about an Eskimo hunter who is on a walrus hunt. It starts with the Eskimo paddling his kayak. To demonstrate this, everyone should cross their arms and move them in a seesaw fashion while singing:

Chorus
Hocky Tocky Umba, Hocky Tocky Umba,
Hey dittle, Hi dittle, Ho dittle Hey,
Hocky Tocky Umba, Hocky Tocky Umba.
Hey dittle, Hi dittle, Ho dittle, Hey!

Leader: (spoken)
The second part of this song shifts to the Eskimo hunter searching for his walrus. He places his hand on his forehead in a backward salute, moving his head from left to right, right to left, and left to right and switching hand on each line of the following verse.

Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky.
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wauc cky
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky

After spotting the walrus, the Eskimo hops back into his kayak, folds his arms, and sings the Chorus, and paddles nearer to the walrus.

Repeat Chorus
Leader: (spoken)
In the next verse the Eskimo hunter shoots the walrus with an imaginary gun by using the index finger and thumb of the right hand. His left hand supports his right elbow and the right arm moves up and down as the gun shoots and recoils. Everyone moves their imaginary gun from left to right, right to left and left to right while singing:

Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Boom”
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Boom”
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Boom”

Leader: (spoken)
After killing the walrus, the Eskimo hunter hops back into his kayak, folds his arms, sings the Chorus, and paddles over to claim his prize. After reaching the dead walrus, the Eskimo hunter pulls the heavy walrus over his kayak, he acts like he is lifting something very heavy, as he sings this verse strainingly:

Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Uh”
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Uh:”
Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky “Uh”

Repeat Chorus
he is very tired, he paddles very slowly and sings the Chorus very slowly, but he goes
louder and faster because he wants to hurry home. When he arrives home, he is greeted by the people of his village. He waves frantically to them and shows his gigantic Eskimo teeth and sings:

Hey Tacoma Mi shoo wau cky
Hey Tacoma Hi shoo wau cky
Hey Tacoma Hi shoo wau cky

He folds his arms, paddles his kayak, and sings the Chorus. The hunt is finished.

Repeat Chorus

I Points to Mineself
point to mineself, vas is das here?
Das is my topnotcher, ya mama dear.
Topnotcher, topnotcher, ya mama dear,
Dat’s what I learned in der school, Boom! Boom!

Topnotcher — top of head
Sweat browser — eye brows
Eye winker — eye
Horn blower — nose
Soup strainer — mustache
Lunch eater — mouth
Chin chowser — chin
Rubber necker — neck
Chest protector — chest
Bread basket — stomach
Thigh slapper — thigh
Knee knocker — knee
Shin splinter — shin
Foot stomper — foot

If You’re Happy
If you’re happy and you know it,clap your hands,
If you’re happy and you know it, clap your hands,
If you’re happy and you know it,
then your life will surely show it,
If you’re happy and you know it, clap your hands.

2. Stomp your feet
3. Shout Amen
4. Do all three

I’m In The King’s Nivy
I’m in the King’s Nivy,
I’m in the Kings Nivy.
Oh I don’t want to march in the infantry.

Ride in the cavalry,
Shoot the artillery,
I don't want to fly over Germany,
I'm in the King's nivy.

ACTIONS
March – Stomp feet & walk in place
Ride – Hold reins and move up & down
Shoot – Pretend to shoot rifle
Fly – Hold arms out and rock back & forth

(Repeat 5 times dropping a phrase and only do the action each time.)

John Brown's Baby
Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic"

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest, John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest, John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest, and they rubbed it up with camphorated oil.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah, etc.

2. Substitute "baby" with motion of rocking baby.
3. Substitute "cold" with a coughing sound.
4. Substitute "chest" by striking chest with fist.
5. Omit last line and rub chest.

Musikanter
Leader: Ich Bin Ein Musicanter
Ich komu aus Schwabeniand

All: Du Dist ein musicanter
Du kommist aus Schwabenland

Leader: Ich kan spielen

All: Du kanst Spielen

Leader: Auf mein viola

All: Auf mein viola

Chorus - ALL: (with gestures)

1. Vio, vio viola Viola, viola
Viol vio, viola Vio, vio, la. Hey:!

2. tuba (um pah)
3. piano (plink, plink)
4. big bass drum (boom, boom)

With each verse, the leader stretches out the first word "Du," holding th enote longer each time. Then everyone echoes this with their first word, "Ich."

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me. (Repeat)

(As you sing each word beginning with the letter "B," change from a standing to a sitting position and vice versa. All should be standing at the end of the song. When you have mastered these movements, sing it again, faster.)

One Finger, One Thumb
One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
One finger, one thumb, one hand keep moving,
And we'll all be happy again, Hey!

2. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands keep moving,
One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands keep moving,
One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands keep moving
And we'll all be happy again, Hey!

3. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm keep moving, etc.
4. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm, two arms keep moving,
5. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm, two arms, one leg keep moving,
6. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm, two arms, one leg, two legs keep moving,
7. One finger, one thumb, one hand, two hands, one arm, two arms, one leg, two legs, stand up-sit down keep moving,

Purple Stew
(Sing the song by yourself with the motions, then pick others, one-by-one to sing it with you)

I'm making purple stew
whip-whip, whip-whip (shake posterior)
I'm making purple stew
shoobie-doobie-do (do the twist)
With purple tomatoes and purple potatoes
and I want you (spin & point to next victim)

She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain
She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes …"Hoot hoot" (repeat)
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
she'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes … "Hoot hoot"

She'll be drivin' six white horses
when she comes ...'whoa, back!"
(Pull back on reins)

And we'll all go out to meet her
when she comes..."Hi, babe!"
(Wave right hand, palm front, left to right)

And we'll kill the old red rooster
when she comes ..."Hack, hack"
(Chopping motion with right hand)

And we'll all have chicken n' dumplings
when she comes ..."Yum, yum!"
(Rub tummy)

And we'll wear our bright red woolies
when she comes…"Scratch, scratch"
(Scratch ribs)

The Grand Old Captain Kirk

Tune: "A-Hunting We Will Go"

(Stand on "up" and sit on "down." Repeat 3 times, going faster each time.)

The Grand Old Captain Kirk
He Had A Thousand Men,
He Beamed 'em Up To The Enterprise
And Beamed 'em Down Again.
And When You're Up Your Up,
And When You're Down Your Down,
And When You're Only Half Way Up,
You're Nowhere to Be Found.

The Grand Old Duke of York

Tune: "A-Hunting We Will Go"

(Stand on "up" and sit on "down." Repeat 3 times, going faster each time.)

The Grand Old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up the hill
And marched them down again.
And when you're up, you're up.
And when you're down, you're down,
And when you're only half way up,
You're neither up or down.

Three Chartreuse Buzzards

First Chorus
Oh look! One has flown away what a shame. (wailing)

1. Three Chartreuse Buzzards
Three Chartreuse Buzzards
Three chartreuse Buzzards
sitting on a tree.

First Chorus
2. Two Chartreuse 'Buzzards
Two Chartreuse Buzzards
Two Chartreuse Buzzards
sitting on a tree.

First Chorus
3. One Chartreuse Buzzard
One Chartreuse Buzzard
One Chartreuse Buzzard
sitting on a tree.

First Chorus

Second Chorus
Oh look' One has returned Let us rejoice.
(loud cheers)

1. One Chartreuse Buzzard
One Chartreuse Buzzard
One Chartreuse Buzzard
sitting on a tree.

Second Chorus

2. Two Chartreuse Buzzards
Two Chartreuse Buzzards
Two Chartreuse Buzzards
sitting on a tree.

Second Chorus

3. Three Chartreuse Buzzards
Three Chartreuse Buzzards
Three Chartreuse Buzzards
sitting on a tree'

Second Chorus:

Under The Chestnut Tree

Under the spreading chestnut tree
When I held you on my knee,
We were happy as could be,
Under the spreading chestnut tree

(Repeat, omitting a word and inserting an action each time, adding one motion each time the song is repeated.)

Actions

Spreading	Arms outstretched over head
Chest	Strike chest
Nut	Tap head
Tree	Same as spreading
Held	Arms as though embracing
Knee	Strike knee
Happy	Scowl and emit a growl.

Wad-A-Lee-Aches
Come on let's
Wad-a-lee-achee, Wad-a-lee-aches,
Wad-a-lee-achee, Wad-a-lee-aches,
Doo-da-lee-doo, doo-da-lee-doo.

Simplest thing, there isn't much to it.
All ya gotta do is just doo-da-lee-doo it.
I like the rest bit the part I like best goes

Doo-da-lee-doo-da-lee,
Doo-da-lee-doo-da-lee,
Doo-da-lee-doo-da-lee-do!

Battle of New Orleans

Chorus

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin';
There wasn't quite as many as there was a while ago;
We fired once more and they began, a runnin';
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

1. In 1814 we took a little trip
along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'.
We took a little bacon n' we took a little beans,
And we fought the bloody British
near the town of New Orleans.

2, We looked down the river & we see the British come
And there must of been a hundred of them beating on a drum.
They step so high that they made the bugles ring,
As we sat behind the cotton bales
and didn't say a thing.

3. Old Hickory said we could take them by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eyes;
We held our fire till we seen their faces well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns
and really gave them hell.

4. We fired so fast that the cannon melted down
So we got an alligator and we loaded him down
We filled him up with cannon balls and powdered his behind.
When we lit the fuse the gator blew his mind.

5. Well they ran through the brambles,
and they ran through the branches
They ran through the bushes where rabbits couldn't go;
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch them
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Blue Tail Fly

Chorus

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
The master's gone away.

1. When I was young I used to wait on ald massa
and give him his pla
Pass the bottle when he got dry
And chase away the blue tail fly.

2. And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
Then bitten by a blue tail fly.

3. One day he rode around the farm
The flies so numerous they did swam ;
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
Debit take the blue tail fly.

4. The pony run, he jump, he pitch
Throw my master in the ditch
He died, the jury wondered why
The verdict was the blue tail fly.

5. They lay him under a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
"Beneath this tree I'm forced to lie
Victim of the blue tail fly."

Blue Water Line

Chorus

Blue Water, Blue Water, Blue Water Line (repeat)
If you can't afford a quarter
Then you ought to give a dime.
If everybody gave then we could save
The Blue Water Line,

1. The city council met last week
The vote was four to three
To tear the home town depot down
And build a factory.
To take that streak of victory
And tear it off the map
To melt old engine number nine
And turn her into scrap.

2. Oh: I could tell you stories
Of the glories on that train,
About the forty-niner miners
And the time Old Jesse James
Stole a thousand golden nuggets
In that great train robbery,
And the time old Abe Lincoln rode
With Todd upon his knee

3. Just forty thousand quarters
And twenty thousand dimes,
And we'll ride again to glory
On the old Blue Water Line.
We'll have William Jennings Bryant
Stoking coal on number nine,
So dig into you pockets
For the Old Blue Water Line

Chicago Fire Song

Late last night
When we were all in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary Hung a lantern in the shed.
And when the cow kicked it over,
She winked her eye and said
"There'll be a hot time In the ol' town tonight!"
Fire! Fire! Fire!

(Repeat 3 times, each time softer except for the last line "fire! fire! fire!")

De Camptown Racetrack

Chorus

Going to run all night, going to run all day,
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

1. De Camptown ladies sing this song,
Doo-dah; Doo-dah:
De Camptown race track nine miles long,
Oh, de doo-dah day!

2. I came down there wid my have caved in,
Doo-dah: Doo-dah:
I got back home wif a pocket full of tin,
Oh, doo-dah day.

3. The long tailed fly and the big black horse,
Doo-dah: Doo-dah:
They fly the track and they both cut across,
Oh, doo-dah day.

4. The blind boss stuck in the old mud hole,
Doo-dah: Doo-dah;
Can't touch bottom with a ten foot pole,
On, doo-dah day!

5. Old Muley cow came on the track
Doo-dah: Doo-dah:
The bobtail fling her ober his back,
Ob, doo-dah day!

6. Then fly along like a railroad car,
Doo-dah: Doo-dah;
Running a race with a shooting star,
Oh, de doo-dah day!

Ebeneezer Fry

Oh! I own the old mill
Down by Jarushsville
My name's Joshuway Ebeneezer *Fry.*
I know a thing or two
You can bet your boots I do
You can't fool me cause I'm to darn sly

2. Well I sworn
I must be getting on
Getty up Napoleon
It looks like rain
Well I'll be switched
The hay ain't pitched
So come down to the farm again some fine day.

3. Oh! There was a fair one day
Down round Sanders way
A man asked me for two tens for a five
I says "You darn fool
I be the Constibul
You can't fool me cause I'm too darn sly

Erie Canal

We were forty miles from Albany,
Forget it I never shall.
In that a terrible storm we had that night,
on the E-ri-e Canal.

Oh, the E-ri-e was a-risin'
And the gin was getting low,
I scarcely think I'll get a drink,
Till I get to Buffalo,
Till get to Buffalo.

Erie-Erie-Erie-Oh!

Chorus

Erie-Erie-Erie-Oh: (repeat 3 times)
Workin' on the railroad.

1841 that's the year that I begun, that's the year that I begun, that's the year that I begun, that's the year that I begun, workin' on the railroad.

2. In 1842 that's the year I met you, that's the year I met you, that's the year I met you, workin' on the railroad.

3. In 1843 that's the year I went to sea,...
4. In 1844 that's the year I went to war,...
5. In 1845 that's the year I took a dive,...
6. In 1846 that's the year I picked my picks,...
7. In 1847 that's the year I went to heaven,...
8. In 1848 St. Peter said I was too late,...
9. In 1849 the devil said I was in time,...
10. In 1850, Now until eternity,...

I've Been Working On The Railroad

I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live long day.
I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing?
Rise up so early in the morn.
Don't you hear the captain shouting
"Dinah, blow your horn?"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know;
Someone's inn the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Chorus
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh-oh-oh-oh
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-ohhhhhh!
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee-plink, fi-plink, fiddely-I-oh plink;
Fee-fi-fiddely-I-oh plink, plink, pluik.
fee...fiii...fiddely-I-ohhhh.....
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Lover's Lament

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,
smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar.
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,
smoked — his — cigar.

She sat there beside him and played her guitar
played her guitar, played her guitar.
She sat there beside him and played her guitar
played — her — guitar.

3. He told her he loved her, but on how he lied…
4. She told him she loved him, and she didn't lie...
5. They were to be married, but she up and died....
6. He went to the funeral but just for the ride...
7. He ate some green onions and boo-hoo he cried...
8. Well she went to heaven and flip-flop she flied..
9. Well he went to Hades and sizzled and fried.....
10. The moral of the story is never tell lies.....

Railroad Bill

Chorus
Railroad Bill, old Railroad Bill,
he never worked, and he never will,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

1. Well Railroad Bill was a pretty mean man
Shot the midnight lantern from the brakeman's hand,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

2. Well I'm going up that mountain,
I'm going out West,
A .38 special sticking out of my vest,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

3. I'll buy me a pistol just as long as my arm,
Kill everybody that ever did me harm,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

4. I got a 38 special on a .45 frame,
How can I miss when I got dead aim,
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

5. Well Railroad Bill, he took my wife,
He said if I didn't like it, he'd take my life.
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

6. Now, honey, honey, do you think I'm a fool?
I wouldn't leave you if the weather is cool.
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Chorus
The night they drove old Dixie down
And the bells were ringing,
The night they drove old Dixie down
And the people were singing,
They went la la la la la - la la la la la

1. Virgil Caine is my name,
And I served on the Danville train
'Till Stoneman's Cavalry came,
And tore up the tracks again;
In the winter of '65
we were hungry just barely alive;
By May 10th Richmond had fell,
it's a time I remember Oh so well.

2. Back with my wife in Tennessee,
one day she called to me;
"Virgil quick come see,
There goes Robert E. Lee";
Now I don't mind chopping wood,
Don't care if the money's no good;
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
but they should never have taken the very best

3. Like my father before me,
I will work the land;
Just like my brother above me
Who took a rebel stand;
He was just 18 proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave;
I swear by the ground below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

The Voyageur's Song

1. Come listen ye fellers
so young and so bold,
And seek out your fortunes
where the north winds blow cold.
It'll form as a habit and seep in your soul,
Till the stream of your blood
runs as pure as the snow.

Chorus
Where the voyageurs paddled and toted their bales,
You can hear their ghosts go sing'n
on the same portage trails.
And your muscles will harden,
Your hands become rough,
Once you put the ash to it,
You can't get enough.

2. Now there's many a man
that I've seen in my time,
Who's lived without
seeing the northern lights shine,
Or an aspen grove glow as the sun sets so fine,
Or hear the wind whisper
as it runs through the pines.

3. Now when I am gone
and the ages rush by,
I'll wind up in heaven
and look from the sky,
At the clear lakes below me
where the blue waters shine,
You'll always be with me,
these Northwoods of mine.

This is America

Get the flags a-flying,
Strike up the band and play the music,
For our hearts are strong as we sing the song
Of the Land where we belong.

We are all together,
ready to serve and proudly show
Through bright or stormy weather
We want the World to know.

Chorus

This is America,
Listen to a song on the way,
By the Boy Scouts of 'Old Glory'
In the good old U.S.A.

This is America, and we want the whole world to know
From New York City on to every state,
Through the west beyond the Golden Gate
This Land that we love from the dawns early lit
Where the Stars n' Stripes forever will be waved
In the Name of Liberty.

This is America,
The Homeland of the Free.
We're the sons who follow
Into the wake of those before us,

And beneath the sky
we shall do or die,
With our Standard flying high

raise the Lord that gave us all
that we have and all we share
From Coast to Coast we'll echo
our song across the air.

Waterloo

Chorus :

Waterloo, Waterloo,
Where will you meet your Waterloo?
Every puppy has its day,Everybody has to pay,
Everybody has to meet in Waterloo.

1. Now of Adam, was the first in history,
With an apple he was tempted and deceived.
Just for spite the devil made him take a bite,
And that's where of Adam met his Waterloo.

2. Little general, Napoleon of France
Tried to conquer the world but lost his pants;
Met defeat known as Napoleon's retreat
And that's when Napoleon met his Waterloo.

3. Now a feller whose darlin' proved untrue,
Took her life, but he lost his too.
Now he swings where the little birdie sings,
And that's where Tom Dooley met his Waterloo.

A Boy and a Girl
A boy and a girl in a little canoe
With the moon shining all around.
And as he paddled his paddle
You couldn't even hear a sound.

So they talked and they talked
'Til the moon grew dim;
He said you better kiss me
Or get out and swim.

So what you going to do in a little canoe,
With the moon shining all around.
(Sing again and end)
With the moon shinin' all a,
boy paddlin' all a,
girl swimmin' all around.
Oh yea, Oh yea

Announcements
(sung whenever someone make the mistake of saying "Announcements." Repeat chorus after each verse.)

Chorus
Announcements, announcements, announcements.

A horrible way to die, a horrible way to die,
A horrible way to start the day, A horrible way to die.

What a terrible way to die, what a terrible way to die,
What a terrible death, to be talked to death.
What a terrible way to die.

(Frere' Jauque)
Words of wisdom, words of wisdom,
We don't need, we don't need,
Stupid words of wisdom. Stupid words of wisdom,
Dumb, dumb, dumb. Dumb, dumb, dumb.

(How Dry I Am)
We sold (found) our cow, moo.
We sold (found) our cow, moo.
We have no use ... for your bull now.

(London Bridge)
Make the announcements short and sweet,
Short and sweet, Short and sweet.
Make the announcements short and sweet,
They're so BORING!

(Ever Seen a Windmill)
Have you ever seen a windbag, a windbag, a windbag,
Have you ever seen a windbag.
Well there's one right now.
Swings this way and that way,
Swings this way and that way,
Have you ever seen a windbag,
Well there's one RIGHT NOW!

(What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor)
What do you do with a program director?
What do you do with a program director?
What do you do with a program director,
Early in the morning.

Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie!
Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie!
Hit him in the face with a chocolate cream pie,
Early in the morning!

Row Row Row your Boat
Gently down the stream
throw the announcements overboard
and listen to them scream

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Ha Ha! Fooled you,
I'm a submarine.

(The Grand Ol' Duke of York)
When you're up, you're up
And when you're down, you're down.
And when you're only halfway up
You're also halfway down.

Mary had a little lamb
The doctor was surprised.
Old McDonald had a farm
He couldn't believe his eyes.

(A slow tempo verse)
I was a farmer, I had some cows.
The sows said "Oink, oink".
The chicks went "Cluck cluck".
But the cows said "Run fast!
Here comes the bull!"

The man stood up to talk.
He talked real long and hard.
He talked so long that I wrote this song,
On the lid of a can of lard!
Now lard is used to cook,
And words they make a book.
But if this guy keeps talking up a storm,
We'll be awake no more!

We've got a silly cheer,
that you've just got to hear!
It makes no sense we're sure you know,
The announcements have to GO!

Speak Freak
Talk Joc
Rap Sap
So get to the point!!!

Be Kind to Your Web Footed Friends
(tune: Stars and Stripes Forever)

Be kind to your web footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
Left all alone in the swamp,
In the weather that's cold and damp
Now you may think that this is the end,
Well — It is!

Big Fat Hen
A big fat hen

A big fat hen, and a couple of ducks

A big fat hen, a couple of ducks and three running hares

Continue adding the following:
Four brown bears,
Five fat felines,
Six simple simons,
Seven silly sailors sailing the seven seas
Eight egotistical elephants eagerly awaiting entrance into Ethiopia,
Nine nimbling ninnys nimbling nimbling gnats,
Ten tiny tom Toms tinkering tiny tunes.

Bingo
There was a farmer who had a dog
And Bingo was his name-o
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N -G-O,
and Bingo was his name-o.

Boom Boom Ain't It Great to be Crazy
Boom, Boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom, Boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish all day long,
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

1. A horse and a flea, and three blind mice,
Sitting on a corner shooting dice
The horse he slipped, fell on the flea,
"Whoops," said the flea, there's a horse on me .

2. Way down South where bananas grow,
An ant stepped on an elephant's toe
The elephant sighed with a tear in his eye,
Why don't you pick on someone your own size?

3. Eli, Eli, he sells socks
A dollar a pair, a nickel a box,
The longer you wear them, the shorter they get,
You put them in the water and they don't get wet

4. Bought a pair of combination underwear,
Guaranteed not to rip or tear,
Wore them so long,without exaggeration,
But that's because I forgot the combination.

5. Grandpa Moses shot a skunk
Grandma Moses cooked a skunk
Baby Moses ate the skunk
Holy Closes, how they stunk!

6. I walked around the corner,, I walked around the block
I walked right into a bakery shop
I picked up a doughnut right out of the grease
I handed the lady a five cent piece.

The lady looked at the nickel and she looked at me,
She said, "This nickel is no good to me!
There's a hole in the middle and it runs right through."
But lady, there's a hole in the doughnuts too!

7. There once was a chicken who wouldn't lay an egg,
So they poured hot water up and down its leg.
The little chicken cackled and the little chicken bawled.
But the gosh darn chicken laid an egg hard boiled'

8. Eli, Eli he went west,
where he thought he was the best
Now they've laid him down to rest

9. Way up North where there's ice and snow
There lived a penguin and his name was Joe
He got so tired of black and white
He wore pink slacks to the dance last night!

10. Called myself on the telephone
Just to hear that golden tone
Asked myself out for a date
Said be ready 'bout half-past eight!

11. Took myself to the picture show
Sat myself on the very last row
Wrapped my arms around my waist
Got so fresh I slapped my face!

12. Late last night, I had a real strange dream,
Ate a nine-pound marshmallow my mom gave me,
When I woke up, I knew somethin' was wrong,
I looked around and saw my pillow was gone.

13. I take a swim in my swimming pool.
I jump from the board 'cause that's the rule.
I hit my head on cement and mortar.
Forgot to look - there was no water.

14. That one-eared cat who used to sit
Watching Grandma rock and knit
Swallowed a ball of bright red yarn,
And out came kittens with red sweaters on.

15. There was an old doctor and his name was Peck.
Fell down the well and broke his neck
Served him right, he was doing wrong.
Should have tended to the sick, and let the well alone.

Boy Scout Camp
Tune: "Army Life"
The _____ that they give you
They say are mighty fine
But _____
Oh, I don't wanna go to Boy Scout Camp
Gee mom I want to go
But they won't let me go
Gee mom I want to go home.

1. biscuits /one rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine
2. water /when you go to drink it tastes like turpentine (iodine)
3. girls / they're either under seven or over ninety-nine
4. nurses / when you break a finger they break the other nine
5. counselors /b ut when they try to help you they screw up your mind
6. counselors / when they take off their makeup they look like Frankenstein
7. busses that you ride in, / when they turn a corner, they leave the wheels behind.
8. spaghetti / They rinse it the toilet and drain it on the line.
9. tents / whoever said this has never slept in mine.
10. Kybos / Last night my tent mate had to go, they haven't found him yet.

Bug Juice
Tune: "On Top of Old Smokey"

At the camp with the Boy Scouts,
They gave us a drink.
We thought it was Kool-Aid,
because it was pink.

But the thing that they told us,
Would've grossed out a moose,
For that great tasting pink drink,
was really bug juice.

It looked fresh and fruity,
like tasty kool-aids,
But the bugs that were in it,
were murdered with Raid.

Camp Grenada
Tune:Dance of the Hours

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah,
Here I am at camp Grenada.
Camp is very entertaining,
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining.

I went hiking with Joe Spivey,
He developed poison ivy.
You remember Leonard Skinner,
He got Ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner.

All the counselors hate the waiters,
And the lake has alligators.
And the head coach wants no sissies,
So he reads to us from something called Ulysses.

Now I don't want this should scare ya',
But my bunkmate has Malaria.
You remember Jeffery Hardy,
They're about to organize a searching party.

Take me home, oh Muddah, Faddah,
Take me home, I hate Grenada.
Don't leave me out in the forest where,
I might get eaten by a bear.
Take me home,
I promise I will not make noise,
or mess the house with other boys,
Oh please don't make me stay,
I've been here one whole day...

Dearest Muddah, Darling Faddah,
How's my precious little bruddah?
Let me come home if you miss me,
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me !

Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing,
Guys are swimming, Guys are sailing!
Playing baseball, gee that's bettah,
Muddah, Faddah kindly disregard this letter!!!

Camp Kookamonga
Tune: "The Battle of New Orleans)

1. Well in 19 and 59 we took a little hike
With our Scoutmaster down to Lake A-Neek-A-Nike
We took a little pizza and we took some sauerkraut
We marched along together 'till we seen the Girl Scouts

Chorus
We're the boys from Camp Kookamonga
Our mothers sent us here for to study nature's ways
We learned to make sparks by rubbin' sticks together
And if we catch some girls then we'll set the woods ablaze

2. Well we crept up to the water and we seen the girls a-swimmin'

There must a-been a hundred of ‘em pretty young women
They looked so fine even birds forget to sing
We lay down in the poison oak and we didn’t say a thing

3. Well the counselor said we could take ‘em by surprise
If we didn’t say a word ’till we looked ‘em in the eyes
We kept real still and we kept our eyes a-glued
We seen how they were dressed they were swimmin in the ...
…Well, they

Ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn’t go
They ran so fast even we couldn’t catch ‘em
From Lake A-Neek-A-Nike all the way to Buffalo

4. Well we marched around ‘till everyone was pooped
We rested for a minute and our forces we regrouped
Then we seen the girls behind some evergreens
Captured by a company of United States Marines!

Chopped Liver
Tune: “Moon River”

Chopped Liver,
Onions on the side,
My social life had died since you
My friends shun me
They out run me
The smell of my breath is
Slow death, sad but true.

Ding Dong
Chorus
A ding dong dong dong dong,
A ding dong dong dong dong,
A ding dong dong dong dong,
A ding dong!

Leader: 1. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
All: A ding dong
Leader: I saw him when he took them off.
All: A ding dong
Leader: He put ‘em in a garbage can:
All: A ding dong
Leader: Killed three rats and a garbage man.

2. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took them off.
He threw ‘em in the air.
Now the birds are on Medicare.

3. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took them off.
He threw them in the sky.
Now superman refuses to fly.

4. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘am on the wall.
Now the roaches refuse to crawl.

5. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em on the floor.
That floor ain’t there no more.

6. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the tree
Now the dogs refuse to pee!

7. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the house
There goes every mouse!

8. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the field
That corn refused to yield!

9. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the lake
They made the whole earth shake.

10. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the car
Please leave that door ajar!

11. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in a glass
I’m gonna kick her … butt

12. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
I sued him for pollutin’ the air
Now I’m a millionaire!

13. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em in the hearse
And this is the very last verse!

14. Oh (name) don’t wear no socks.
I saw him when he took ‘em off.
He threw ‘em against the wall.
They stuck!

Do Your Ears Hang Low
Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?

Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Llike a Continental Soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears hang high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do the droop when they're wet?
Do they stiffen when they're dry?
Can you semaphore your neighbor
with a minimum of labor?

Do your ears hang high?
Do your ears hang wide?
Do they flap from side to side?
Do they wave in the breeze?
From the slightest little sneeze?
Can you soar above the nation
With a feeling of elation?

Do your ears hang wide?
Do your ears fall off?
When you give a great big cough?
Do they lie there on the ground?
Or bounce up at every sound?
Can you stick them in your pocket
Just like little davy crockett?
Do your ears fall off?

Drool Song

Just plant a watermelon• seed upon my grave
And let the juice (slurp-slurp) run through
Just plant a watermelon seed upon my grave
That's all I ask of you.

Chicken and possum are mighty fine
But there ain't no taste like a watermelon rind.
Just plant a watermelon seed upon my grave
and Let the juice (slurp-slurp) run through.

Dummy Line

Chorus
Dummy line, dummy line,
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine.
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine
Ride, ride, ride
On the Dummy Line

1. Bought me a pair of combination underwear
To keep out the cold and the chisly air
Now I'm in a heck of a mess
Lost the combination and I can't undress.

2. Little Willie just for fun,
Shot his sister with a B-B gun
Father said, "I'm ashamed of you
You should of shot her with a .22"

3. Once was a scout named Jack
Pitched his tent on a railroad track
4:44 came round the bend
What kind of flowers you gonna send.

4. Little Willie with a shout
Gouged his sister's eyeballs out
Stomped on them to hear them pop
His mother said, 'Now Willie stop."

5. Once was a guy whose name was Bill
Lived on top of a garbage hill
Never took a bath and he never will
Come on guys let's spit on Bill

6. Little Willie one dark night
Played around with dynamite,
But curiosity never pays,
Rained poor Willie for 17 days.

7. Little Willie went out west
Where he thought the food was best
Now he lies in eternal rest
With a concrete meatball in his chest.

8. Little boy coming home from school
Spied a dollar by the foot of a mule,
Bent down to get it as sly as a mouse,
Funeral next day at the little boy's house.

Garbage Barge

Tune: The Titanic

Chorus
Oh! It was sad, Oh! It was Sad'
It was sad when the garbage barge
went down To the bottom of the…

Part I -Mud, mud, mud, mud.

Part II - Onions and shells,
little garlics lost their smell.

It was sad when the garbage barge went down.

1. Oh: they built the garbage barge
To sail the river brown
And they built it so
The garbage wouldn't go down,
But the mayor he raised his hand
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when the garbage barge went down.

2. Oh! They almost reached the dump
Bout one hundred yards left
When the apples refused to
Associate with the rest.
So they put them down below

Where they would be first to go
It was sad when the garbage barge went down

3. Oh, They lowered the lifeboats ,
On the dark and frothy break
As the band played on
”Oh Lord what a stink”
Onions and shells,
Little garlics lost their smell
It was sad when the garbage barge went down

4. As the garbage man stood on deck
With a tear in his eye
As the life boats left
He waved them all good-bye
And he couldn’t stand the stink
So he dove into the break
It was sad when the garbage barge went down.

Ghost Chickens in the Sky

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

Chorus
Yippie yi yo.
Yippie yi yea. Hey. Hey
Ghost Chickens in the Sky

1. A chicken farmer went out to work
one dark and dreary day
He rested by the coup
as he went along his way
When all at once
a rotten egg hit him in the eye
It was the sight he dreaded
Ghost Chickens in the Sky

2. The farmer had been raising chickens
since he was twenty-four
Working for the colonel
for thirty years or more
Killing all those chickens
and sending them to fry
And now they want revenge
Ghost Chickens in the Sky

3. Their feet were black and shiny,
their eyes were burning red
They had no meat or feathers,
these chickens all were dead
They raised the farmer up
and he died by the claw
They cooked him extra crispy,
and served him with coleslaw

Ghost Riders in the Sky

1. An old cowpoke went riding out
one dark and windy day
Up on a ridge he rested
as he went upon his way
When all at once a mighty herd
of red-eyed cows he saw
coming through the ragged sky,
and up a cloudy draw

2. Their brands were still on fire
and their hot breath he could feel
Their horns were black and shiny
and their hooves were made of steel
A bolt of fear went through him
as they rumbled through the sky
Then he saw the riders coming hard,
and he heard their mournful cry

Chorus
Yippe-ai-ay,
Yippee-ai-oh
Ghost riders in the sky

3. As the riders loped on by him,
he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell,
a riding on this range
Then cowboy change your ways today
or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the devil’s herd,
across these endless skies

Glory How Peculiar

Tune: “Battle Hymn of the Republic”

As one black bear backed up the hill,
The other black bear backed down,
(repeat 4 times)

Chorus
Glory, glory, how peculiar
Glory, glory, how peculiar
Glory, glory, how peculiar (Repeat line of verse)

Repeat Chorus
As one ditch digger dug up the ditch
The other ditch digger dug down.

Repeat Chorus
As one slick seal slid up the slide,
The other slick seal slid down.

Repeat Chorus
As one pink porpoise popped up the pole.
The other pink porpoise popped down.

God Bless My Underwear

Tune: "God Bless America"

God bless my underwear, my only pair.
Stand beside them, and guide them,
Through the rips, through the holes, through the tears.
From the washer, to the dryer, to the clothesline
God bless my underwear, my only pair.

Grannies in the Cellar

1. Grannies in the cellar
Oh lordy cant ya smell her
Cooking biscuits on that darn old greasy stove
In her eye there is some matter
that keeps drippin in the batter
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

Chorus
Down her nose, down her nose,
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose
In her eye there is some matter
that keeps drippin in the batter
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

2. Grannies in the cellar
Oh lordy cant ya smell her
Cooking grits on that darn old greasy stove
On her belly there's some zits
that keeps poppin in the grits
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

3. Down her nose, down her nose,
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose
On her belly there's some zits
that keeps poppin in the grits
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

4. Grannies in the cellar
Oh lordy cant ya smell her
Cooking crabs on that darn old greasy stove
On her elbow there's some scabs
that keeps fallin in the crabs
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

5. Grannies in the cellar
Oh lordy cant ya smell her
Cooking cobbler on that darn old greasy stove
Her glass eye is a wobbler
and keeps fallin in the cobbler
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

6. Grannies in the cellar
Oh lordy cant ya smell her
Cooking rice on that darn old greasy stove
In her hair there is some lice
that keep jumpin in the rice
And she whistles while the (sniff)
goes down her nose

Ham and Eggs

Tune: "Tammany"

Ham and eggs, Ham and eggs,
I like mine fried nice and brown.
I like mine fried up side down.

Ham and eggs, Ham and eggs,
Flip 'em, Flop 'em, Flop 'em, Flip 'em,
Ham and eggs

Hey Lotty, Lotty Lo

Chorus
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lottey
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lo
Hey Lottey, Lottey-lottey
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lo

1. I know a guy whose name is Frank
Hey lottey, Lottey-Lo
He just built a German tank
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lo

2. I know a girl whose name is Geri
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lo
All she wants to do is get-married
Hey Lottey, Lottey-Lo

How Do You Do?

How do you do, Mister? How do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can-
Stand by you like a man,
How do you do, Mister? How do you do?

I Had But Fifty Cents

1. I took my girl to a fancy ball
It was a social hop,
We stayed until the folks went home
Until the music stopped.

2. Then to a restaurant we went
The best one on the street,
She said she wasn't hungry
But this is what she ate:

(Talk) A dozen raw, a plate of 'saw, a chicken and a roast, some asparagus, and apple sauce, and soft shelled crabs and toast.

3. An Irish stew and crackers too
Her appetite was immense,
When she cried for pie I thought I'd die,
For I had but fifty cents.

(Talk) She said she wasn't hungry, she didn't come to eat, I'll bet my only trousers, that she cannot be beat. She said everything was rosy.

4. She had an awful tank
She said she wasn't thirsty,
But this is what she drank;

5. A pot of tea, some black coffee,
It made me shake with fear,
Some soda pop with cream on top
And then a glass of beer.

(Talk) A glass, a pail, a milk carton, she should of had more sense. When she called for more I fell on the floor, for I had but fifty cents.

6. You bet I wasn't hungry
I didn't care to eat ,
Expecting every moment
To be kicked out on the street.

7. She said she'd bring her family
And we would have some fun,
I gave the man the fifty cents
And this is what he done:

(Talk) He tore my clothes, he smashed my nose, hit me more and more. He gave a prize of two black eyes and with me swept the floor.

8. He took me by the trousers
And threw me over the fence,
Take my advice, don't try it twice
when you got but fifty cents.

I Love You

I love you, I love you
I love you so well,
If I had a peanut
I'd give you the shell.

I love you, I love you
With all my heart and sole,
If I had a donut
I'd give you the hole.

Johnny Verbeck

1. Once there was a Dutchman
His name was Johnny Verbeck
He made the finest sausages
And sauerkraut and speck.
He made the finest sausages
That'll evermore be seen,
Till one day he invented
A sausage making machine.

Chorus
Oh, Mr. Johnny Verbeck
How could you be so mean,
I told you, you'd be sorry
For inventin' that machine
Now all the neighbors cats and dogs
Will nevermore be seen
For they'll be ground to sausages
In Johnny Verbeck's machine.

2. One day a boy came walkin'
A walkin' thru the door.
He bought a pound of sausages
And laid them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle,
He whistled up a tune.
And all the little sausages
Went dancin' round the room.

3. One day the machine got busted
The darn thing wouldn't go,
So Johnny Verbeck he climbed inside
To see what made it so.
His wife she had a nightmare,
Went walkin' in her sleep
She gave it a yank a deuce of crank
And Johnny Verbeck was meat!

Junior Birdman

Up in the air, Jr. Birdmen,
Up in the air, upside down.
Up in the air, Jr. Birdmen,
Flying all around.

Then you hear the doorbell ringing,
And when you see the wings of tin,
Then you know that Jr. Birdmen
Have sent their box tops in.

It takes: 5 box tops, 4 bottle bottoms,
3 wrappers, 2 coupons and 1 thin dime,
Let's here it for the Jr. Birdmen
Nee————————boom!!"

Little Rabbit Fru Fru

Little rabbit fru fru
Hopping through the forest,
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on the head.
And down came the good fairy. And she said:
”Little rabbit fru fru I don’t like your attitude
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on the head.
I’ll give you three chances
And if you don’t obey me
I’ll turn you into a goon.”

So, the next day...

Little Rabbit Fru-Fru
hopping through the forest,
Scooping up the field mice
and bopping them on their head.
And down came the good fairy, and she said,
“Little Rabbit Fru-Fru, I don’t like your attitude
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on the head.
I’ll give you two more chances,
And if you don’t obey me,
I’ll turn you into a goon!”

So, the next day...

Little Rabbit Fru-Fru,
Hopping through the forest,
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on their head.
And down came the good fairy, and she said,
“Little Rabbit Fru-Fru, I don’t like your attitude
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on the head.
I’ll give you one more chance,
And if you don’t obey me,
I’ll turn you into a goon!”

So, the next day...

Little Rabbit Fru-Fru
Hopping through the forest,
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on their head.
And down came the good fairy, and she said,
“Little Rabbit Fru-Fru, I don’t like your attitude
Scooping up the field mice
And bopping them on the head.
I gave you three chances, and you didn’t obey me,
so I’ll turn you into a goon!” POOF!

Spoken
The moral of the story is: “Hare today, goon tomorrow.”

Motions:
Motions are the same for each verse.

“Little rabbit Fru-Fru...”
Make a “peace sign” with your index and middle fingers and move that as though it were a rabbit.

“Scooping...”
Pretend to pick up something with one hand.

“bopping”
Hit one hand with the other.

“Down came the...”
Make “rain” motions with your hand in front of you.

“I don’t like your attidtude...”
Wag an index finger in front of you.

|*“I’ll give you .... chances...”*
Hold up fingers with the numbers of chances left.

Mountain Dew

Chorus
Oh they call it that good old mountain dew, mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few. (**Are Few!**)
So hush up your mug, and I’ll fill up your jug
with that good old mountain dew.

1. Well my Uncle Bill’s got a still on the hill.
It pumps out a gallon or two (**ALL: Or two!**)
And the buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can’t fly
Just from sniffing that good old mountain dew.

2. Oh, my Auntie June bought a bottle of Perfume.
As a matter of fact she bought two (**bought two!**)
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed.
”Twas nothin’ but that Good old mountain dew.

3. Well my Uncle Mort, he was sawed off and short
Stood about 4 foot 2 (**4 foot 2!**)
But he stood like a giant after he had a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

4. My aunt Lucille had an automobile,
It ran on a gallon or two. (**Or two!**)
It didn’t need no gas and it didn’t need no oil,
It just ran on that good old mountain dew.

5. I know a guy named Pete, his hair ain’t so neat,
Though he fixes it with syrup and blue, (**And blue!**)
But it stays right in place when he uses just a trace
Of that good old mountain dew.

6. Oh my Uncle Hank bought an old Sherman tank
As a matter a fact he bought two (**bought two!**)
It used to run on gas, it’s a thing of the past
Now it runs on good old mountain dew.

7. The preacher-he walked by with a big tear in his eye
Said that his wife had the flu (**The flu!**)
And hadn't I ought just to give him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew

8. My uncle Klaus had a real mean old mouse
When they asked how it happened
He said it was a lappin'
That good old mountain dew

9. There's an old hollow tree just a little way from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two (**Or two!**)
If you hush up your mug, then they'll give you a jug
Of that good old mountain dew

10. You take a little trash and you mix it up with ash,
And you throw in the soul of a shoe, (**A shoe!**)
Then you stir it awhile with an old rusty file,
And they call it that good old mountain dew.

11. During the last war we couldn't get no more,
We didn't have no sugar for the dew (**The dew!**)
With a few old potaters and a few ripe tomaters,
We turned out some stuff, I'm tellin' you

12. Old Deacon Crane took a trip in the rain,
Said his wife had come down with the flu, (**The Flu!**)
But she'll be all right if you give her a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

13. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt he told me how he felt
The day the old dry law went through. (**Went through!**)
If your like yer's too red it will swell up your head
Better stick to that good old mountain dew

14. Well my ole aunt Jill bought some brand new perfume
It had such a sweet smellin' pew, (**Smellin' pew**)
but to her surprise, when she had it analyzed,
it was nothin but good ole mountain dew.

15. Way up on the hill there's an old whiskey still
That's run by a hard working crew (**Working crew**)
You can tell if you sniff and you get a good whiff
That they're making that good ole mountain dew.

My Favorite Senior Things

Tune: "My Favorite Things"

Maalox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts and hearing aids and glasses,
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets, and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heat pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Back pains, confused brains, and no fear of sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinin',
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favorite things.

When the joints ache,
When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Old MacDonald Had a Farm

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.
And on his farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O.
With a chick, chick here, and a chick, chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick, chick,
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

2. Duck – quack
3. Turkey – gobble
4. Pig - oink, oink
5. Cow - moo, moo
6. Cat -meow, meow
7. Mule - Heehaw
8. Dog - bow wow
9. Turtle - nerp, nerp

(Make up your own verses for fun)
10. Tamerak – rustle, rustle
11. Wingnut – wingnut

Old Scouter

Old Scouter..... Had to come in late,
Old Scouter..... Had to clean his plate,
Old Scouter..... Went out in a boat,
Old Scouter..... Couldn't stay afloat,
Old Scouter..... Bumped his head,
Old Scouter.....Had to stay in bed,
Old Scouter .....Tent in the mud,

On Top of Spaghetti

Tune: "On Top of Old Smokey"

On top of spaghetti all covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table and on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty as tasty could be,
And then the next summer it grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered all covered with moss,
And on it grew meatballs and tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball whenever you sneeze.

Ooey-Gooey
Ooey Gooey was a worm
A mighty worm was he,
He sat upon a railroad track
A train he did not see.
OOEY GOOEY

Peanut Sat on a Railroad Track
Oh! A peanut sat on a railroad track '
His heart was all a flutter
Along came the six-fifteen (Toot-toot)
Peanut butter!

Pink Pajamas
Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime
and sometimes in the fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus
Glory, glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, glory, What's it to you?
Balmy breezes blowing through ya,
With nothing on at all.

Ravioli
Tune: "Alouette"

All: Ravioli. I like ravioli. Ravioli, It's the best for me.
Leader: Have I got it on my chin?
All: Yes, you have it on your chin.
Leader: On my chin?
All: On your chin.

OH-h-h-h Ravioli,
I like ravioli. Ravioli,
It's the best for me.

(Continue with tie, shirt, pants, shoes, floor, walls. Point to the items as each new word is added by the song leader. It is repeated by the Chorus and all preceding verses are sung in reverse order.)

Russel Road
Tune: John Denver's "Country Road"
Words by: Chauncey Niziol

Almost Heaven, White River,
Blue Trail, Owasippe Grave Markers.
Life is older, Older than the trees,
Younger than a Boy Scout peeing in the breeze.

Chorus
Russell Road, Take me home, to the land I belong
West of Whitehall, North of Holton,
take me home, Russell Road.

Riding down the road I hear the radio it's calling me
KSI598 Mobile 8 where are you?
Riding now I get the feeling that I should have been
home
hours ago,…days ago.

Repeat Chorus

Second Story Window
(Sung as a two team contest, alternating verses until one team can't come up with more nursery rhymes)

Chorus
And threw them out the window, the window,
The second story window High-low, low-high,
Threw them out the window.

1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl…

2. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie,
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum...

3. Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey,
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her...

4. Jack and Jill ...
5. Hey Diddle Diddle ...
6. Little Miss Muffett ...
7. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater ...
8. Humpty Dumpty ...
9. Little Boy Blue ...
10. Mary, Mary, quite contrary ...
11. Little Bo Peep ...
12. There was an old Lady who lived in a shoe ...
13. Jack be nimble ...
14. Baa, baa black sheep ...
15. Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John...
16. Eeny, meeny, miny, moe ...

17. Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie ...
18. Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle ...
19. Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up ...
20. Higglety, pigglety, my black hen...
21. Jack Sprat could eat no fat ...
22. Ladybug! Ladybug! Fly away home ...
23. Little Boy Blue come blow your horn ...
24. Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner ...
25. Mary had a little lamb ...
26. Old King Cole was a merry old sole ...
27. Olde Mother Hubbard ...
28. Pete, Peter pumpkin eater ...
29. The was an old woman who lived in a shoe ...
30 Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town ...
31. Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold ...
32. I'm a little teapot, short and stout ...

Shaving Cream

Chorus

Shaving Cream
Oh nice and clean
Shave everyday
And you'll always look keen

1. I have a sad story to tell you
I hope you won't mind it a bit
This morning I walked in the KYBO
And I stepped in a big pile of…

2. A baby fell out of the window
A terrible thing Ill admit
But everything ended up happy
'Cause he landed in a big pile of…

3. An old lady died in the bathtub
She died of a terrible fit
To fulfill her very last wishes
She was buried in 6 feet of…

4. My dad put a sack in the garden
I'm curious Ill admit
One morning I snuck out a handful
And I found it was nothing but…

5. I know that these versus are scanty
They are a bit much for my wit
I start out like Shakespeare and Dante
But somehow I end up with…

6. My story is coming to an ending
I think it is time I should quit
If any of you I've offended
Go stick your head in a barrel of…

She Waded in the Water

1. She waded in the water and she got her feet all wet,
She waded in the water aAnd she got her feet all wet,
She waded in the water and she got her feet all wet,
But she didn't get her (clap-clap) wet. Yet!

2. Substitute "ankles wet" for "feet all wet."
3. Substitute "knees all wet"
4. Substitute "Thighs all wet"

5. She waded in the water and she got herself all wet,
She waded in the water and she got herself all wet,
She waded in the water and she got herself all wet,
And she finally got her **bathing suit** wet.

Sippin Cider

Chorus

The prettiest girl (**echo**)
I ever saw (**echo**)
Was sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw (**echo**)
The prettiest girl (**echo**)
I ever saw (**echo**)
Was sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw. (**echo**)

1. I says to her (**echo**)
What you doin' that fer (**echo**)
A sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a Straw (**echo**)

2. She says to me (**echo**)
Why don't you know (**echo**)
That sippin cy (**echo**)
Der's all I know (**echo**)

3. First cheek to cheek (**echo**)
Then jaw to jaw (**echo**)
We'd both sip cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw (**echo**)

4. Every now and then (**echo**)
That straw would slip (**echo**)
And I'd sip cy (**echo**)
Der through her lips (**echo**)

5. That's how I got (**echo**)
My mother in law (**echo**)
From sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw (**echo**)

6. Now 49 kids (**echo**)
All call me Paw (**echo**)
From sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw (**echo**)

7. The moral of (**echo**)
This little tale (**echo**)
Is sip your cy (**echo**)
Der through a pail (**echo**)
(on repeat sing "bucket")

8. That's all there is (**echo**)
There ain't no more (**echo**)
To sippin cy (**echo**)
Der through a straw (**echo**)

Skeeters 'n' the Bedbugs

I woke up Monday morning
and looked upon the wall
The skeeters and the bedbugs
were having a game of ball
The score was 19-20,
the skeeters were ahead
The bedbugs hit a homerun
and knocked me out of bed
Singin' eenie-meenie and a minie-moe
Catch a whipper-whopper by the toe
If he hol-hollers let him go
Singin' eenie-meenie and a minie-moe

(Repeat each time, changing the days; Tuesday, Wednesday, etc. and singing faster each time)

Supercaligragilisticexpialidocious

Chorus
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!
Even though the sound of it
is something quite atrocious;
If you say it loud enough
you'll always sound precocious
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
Um-did-dle did-dle did-dle um-did-dle ay!
Um-did-dle did-dle did-dle um-did-dle ay!

1. Because I was afraid to speak
when I was just a lad,
My father gave me nose a tweak
and told me I was bad.
But then one day I heard a word
to save me aching nose,
The biggest word you ever heard
and this is how it goes. OH!

2. I traveled all around the world
and everywhere I went
I used this word and all would say,"
There goes a clever gent."
When dukes and maharaja's
pass the time of day with me,
I say me magic word and then
They ask me out to tea: OH!

3. So when the cat has got your tongue
there's no need for dismay,
Just summon up this word
and then you'll have a lot to say.
But better use it carefully
or it can change your life!
I said it to me girl
and now me girl's me wife! Oh!

The Billboard Song

I was walking dorm a highway
On a dark and stormy day
When I came upon a billboard
And much to my dismay
The words were torn and tattered
From the storm the night before
The wind and rain had done its work
And this was what I saw.

1. Smoke Coca-Cola cigarettes
Chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer
Kennel-Ration Dog Food
Makes your complexion clear
Simonize your baby
Kith a Hershey's Candy Bar
And use it as a beauty cream
That's used by all the stars.

2. Oh! Take your next vacation
In a brand new Frigidaire
Learn to play the piano
In your winter underwear
Doctors say that babies
Should smoke until they're three
And people over sixty-five
Should bathe in Lipton Tea.

The Green Grass Grows All Around

1. There was a little hole — **ALL:** repeat
The cutest little hole, — **ALL:** repeat
That you ever did see — **ALL:** repeat

Chorus
Oh, the hole's in the ground, and the green grass grows all around, all around, and the green grass grows all around.

2. Now in that hole — **ALL:** repeat
There were some roots — **ALL:** repeat
The prettiest little roots — **ALL:** repeat
That you ever did see — **ALL:** repeat

Oh, the roots in the hole and the hole's in the ground and the green grass grows all around all around, and the green grass grows all around.

3. limb
4. branch
5. nest
6, egg
7. bird
8, feather

The Grub (Daddy's Whiskers)

Chorus

They're always in the way!
They're always in the way!
They hide the dirt on Daddy's shirt,
They're always in the way.

1. When Daddy went to war,
He hid from the enemy
He hid behind his whiskers
They thought he was a tree

2. When Daddy rode the bus
A lady lost a dime
Poor Daddy's whiskers
Had it all the time

3. When Daddy went a swimmin'
He didn't wear a thing
He tied his whiskers round his waist
They couldn't see a thing

4. When Daddy went a boatin',
He fell out of the boat
His whiskers were so buoyant,
That Daddy stayed afloat

My Wild Irish Nose

Tune: My Wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Nose!
It spoils my sweet repose.
Pugnacious and grim, it always butts in,
That wild Irish Nose!
That wild Irish Nose!
You'll hear it when it blows
And soma day, for my sake,
Prohibition will take
The bloom from that wild Irish Nose.

The Quartermaster Store

Chorus

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not got my specks with me.
I have not got my spec'm with me.

1. There are mice, mice, mice running though the rice,
At the store! At the store!
There are mice, mice, mice, running through the rice,
At the Quartermaster's store

2. lice - living on the mice.
3. rats - big as alley cats
4. roaches - big as football coaches
5. watches - big as sasquaches
6. snakes - big as garden rakes
7. bears - but no one really cares
8. beavers - with little meat cleavers
9. foxes - stuffed in little boxes

The Thing

As I was walking down the beach
One bright and sunny day,
I happened upon a wooden box
A floatin' in the bay.
I picked it up and looked inside
And much to my surprise,
I discovered a (**clap 1, 1-2**)
right before my eyes.
(Repeat last line)

I picked it up and ran to town
as happy as a king
I took it to a guy I knew
Who'd buy most anything,
But this is what he hollered at me
Hey! Get out of here with that (**clap 1 1-2**)
Before I call a cop
(Repeat last line.)

I turned around and got right out
A runnin' for my life,
I thought I'd take it home with me
And *give* it to *my wife,*
But this is what she hollered at me
As I walked in the door,
Hey get out of here with that (**clap 1 1-2**)
and don't come back no more.
(*Repeat last line.*)

I wandered all around the town
Until I chanced to meet,
A hobo who was lookin'
for a handout on the street.
He said he'd take most anything
He was a desperate man,
But when I showed him my (**clap 1 1-2**)
He turned around and ran!
(*Repeat last line.*)

I traveled around for many years
a victim of my fate,
Until I chanced to meet
St. Peter at the gate,
But when I tried to take it inside
He told me where to go.
He said get outta here with that (**clap 1 1-2**)
and take it down below.
(*Repeat last line.*)

The moral of this story is
If you're ever on the beach,
And you should see a wooden box

And its within your reach,
Don't ever stop to pick it up
That's my advice to you,
Cause you'll never get rid of that (**clap 1 1-2**)
No matter what you do.
(*Repeat last line.*)

There ain't No Flies On Us
Tune: "Farmer in the dell"

1. There ain't no flies on us,
There ain't no flies on us,
There may be flies on some of you guys,
But there ain't no flies on us.

2. Bugs———mugs
3. Ticks ——hicks
4. Cooties—beauties
5. Germs——worms

What's Your Name
Chorus
What's your name little boy?
My name is Lemmy
Lemmy what little boy?
Let me kiss you.

1. What's your name little girl?
My name is Ida
Ida what little girl?
I don't wanna.....

2. What's your name little girl?
My name is Alaska.
Alaska what little girl?
I'll ask my mother

3. What's your name little girl?
My name is Olie.
Olie what little girl?
Olie right, pucker up.
(THROW PIES)

Twelve Days of Summer Camp
Tune: "The twelve days of Christmas"

On the first day of summer camp
My mother sent to me... A box of oatmeal cookies.

On the second day of summer camp
My mother sent to me... Two T-shirts,
And a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the third day of summer camp
My mother sent to me... Three pairs of socks,
Two T-shirts, And a box of oatmeal cookies.

On the fourth day of summer camp
My mother sent to me... Four woolen caps, etc.

Five underpants,
Six postage stamps,
Seven nose warmers,
Eight Batman comics,
Nine bars of soap,
Ten Band-aids,
Eleven shoestrings,
Twelve bottles of insect repellent,

While the Organ Peeled Bananas
While the organ peeled bananas
Lord was rendered by the choir
While the sexton tolled the church bells,
Someone set the church on fire,
"Holy smoke" the preacher shouted
In the rush he lost his hair
Now his head resembles heaven
For there's no parting there.

Yon Yonson
My name is Yon Yonson,
Aye come from Wisconsin.
Aye work in de lumber mills dere.
Van aye walk dorm de street,
All de people ay meet,
Day say, "Hello, vat's your name?
And aye say, (repeat)

Zulu Warrior
I Kin-A-Zimba-Zimba-Zia
I Kin-A-Zimba-Zimba-Zia
I-Kin A-Zimba-Zimba-Zia
I-Kin-A-Zimba-Zimba-Zia

See him there the Zulu Warrior
See him there the Zulu Chief
Chief-Chief-Chief..... (everybody says "Chief")

1,000 Legged Worm
There was a thousand legged worm
And he gave a little squirm
Has anybody seen a leg of mine?
For if it can't be found
I shall have to hop around
On the other 999.

Hop around, hop around on the other 999.
For if it can't be found
I shall have to hop around
On the other 999.

Beaver Song
(Holds a piece of imaginary wood to munch on & sing 4 times, getting faster each time.)

I 'm a beaver, you're a beaver, beavers are we all
And when we get together, we do the beaver call!

(*beaver noise*) a hung a hung a hung a hung
a hung a hung a hung a hung a hung a hung
a hung a hung a hung a hung

Bill Hogan's Goat
There was a man, by the name of Billy O;
He had a goat, and that was all.

One day his goat, was feeling fine;
He ate six red shirts, right off my line.

At first I cursed, And then I swore;
That this old goat, would eat no more.

I grabbed him by, His wooley wooley back;
And tied him to, A railroad track.

Well the 8:15, Was drawing nigh;
Old Hogan's goat, Was doomed to die.

He gave three shrieks, Of mortal pain;
Coughed up the shirts, And flagged the train.

And when the engineer stopped, got out to see;
What this red sight, On the track could be.

And when he saw, It was a goat;
He took his knife, and slit his throat.

And when the goat got to heaven St. Peter said,
"Old Hogan's goat Where is your head."

And the goat replied, "I cannot tell,
It must have slipped, straight down to da, da, da.

Flea
Flea Fly, Flea Fly Floe Fee stuh, Fee stuh
Kum a lad a, kum a lad a, Kum a lad a fee stuh
Oh, no, no, no, not the Fee stuh
Fee stuh fee stuh
Ee nee meenie, doss a leenie Oo oh a wallo meenie
Ep to meenie kuh sol a meenie Oo oh a wah
Be bibbly o tum doe tum bo bo Be bibbly o tum doe tum bo bo Ba detum dohtum
Shh!

Froggie
Dog
Dog, Cat
Dog, Cat, Mouse
Pole
Polecat
Polecat spray
Camper
Camper and polecat runnin' through the forest
Run, run, run little camper
Froggie
Itsy-bitsy teenie-weenie, little-bitty froggie
Jump, Jump, Jump little Froggie
Kumbalada, Kumbalada, Kumbalada feesta
Spiders and flies are scrumdidilicious
Ribbit Ribbit, Ribbit, Ribbit Croak

Little Brown Mouse
Liquor was spilt on the bar room floor,
And the bar was closed for the night,
When out of a hole in the wall came a mouse,
And danced in the pale moonlight.

He licked up the liquor on the bar room floor,
And on his haunches he sat.
And all through the night you could hear him shout.
"Bring on the gosh darn cat".

Oh, the cat came out about quarter to three
And ate up the little brown mouse.
The moral of this story is,
You can't get a drink on the house.

Out in the Woods
Out in the woods — **repeat**
I saw a bear — **repeat**
A great big bear — **repeat**
Oh way out there — **repeat**
Out in the woods I saw a bear,
A great big bear, Oh way out there.

He looked at me — **repeat**
I looked at him — **repeat**
He sized up me — **repeat**
I sized up him — **repeat**
He looked at me, I looked at him,
He sized up me, I sized up him.

He said to me — **repeat**
Why don't you run — **repeat**
I see you ain't — **repeat**
Got any gun — **repeat**
He said to me why don't you run,
I see you ain't got any gun.

I said to him — **repeat**
That's a good idea — **repeat**
So come on feet — **repeat**
Let's up and flea — **repeat**
I said to him that's a good idea
So come on feet let's up and flea.

And so I ran — **repeat**
Away from there — **repeat**
But right behind — **repeat**
Me was that bear — **repeat**
And so I ran away from there
But right behind me was that bear.

And up ahead — **repeat**
There was a tree — **repeat**
A great big tree — **repeat**
Oh glory be — **repeat**
And up ahead there was a tree
A great big tree oh glory be.

The lowest branch — **repeat**
Was ten feet up — **repeat**
I'd have to jump — **repeat**
And trust to luck — **repeat**
The lowest branch was ten feet up
I'd have to jump and trust to luck.

And so I jumped — **repeat**
Into the air — **repeat**
But I missed that branch — **repeat**
On the way up there — **repeat**
And so I jumped into the air,
But I Missed that branch on the way up there.

Now don't you fret — **repeat**
And don't you frown — **repeat**
Caused I caught that branch — **repeat**
On the way back down — **repeat**
Now don't you fret and don't you frown
Cause I caught that branch on the way back down.

That's all there is — **repeat**
There ain't no more — **repeat**
Unless I see — **repeat**
That bear once more — **repeat**
That's all there is there ain't no more,
Unless I see that bear once more.

The Ants Go Marching

Chorus
And they all go marching down
Where? To the earth
Why? To get out of the rain.
Boom. Boom. Boom.

1. The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb

2. The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe.

3. The ants go marching three by three, ...
... The little one stops to climb a tree

4. The ants go marching four by four, ...
... The little one stop to shut the door

5. The ants go marching five by five, ...
... The little ones stop to play with a hive

6, The ants go marching six by six, ...
... The little one stop to pick up sticks

7. The ants go marching seven by seven, ...
... The little one stop to pray to heaven

8. The ants go marching eight by eight, ...
... The little ones stop to shut the gate

9. The ants go marching nine by nine, ...
... The little one stops to check the time.

10. The ants go marching ten by ten, ...
... The little one stops to shout "THE END!"

The Cat Came Back

Chorus
BUT the cat came back the very next day
They thought he was a goner;
BUT the cat came back they knew he wouldn't stay,
Away, Away, Away.

1. Old Farmer Johnson had problems of his own.
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home.
He tried and he tried to give the cat away,
He gave him to a man going far, far away.

2. He gave it to a man going up in a balloon
Told him to give it to the man in the moon
Balloon came down about 90 miles away.
And where the man is today I dare not say.

3. He gave him to a man going way out west.
Told him to give him to the one he loved best.
First the train hit the curve, then it Jumped the rail
And not a soul's alive today to tell the Gruesome tale.

4. He gave him to a little boy with a dollar note.
Told him for to take him up the river in a boat.
Tied a rock around his neck it must have weight a pound.
And now they drag the river for the little boy that drowned.

5. Man around the corner said he'd shoot that cat on sight.
Loaded up his shotgun with nails & dynamite.
He waited and waited for that cat to come around.
97 pieces of man was all that they found.

6. The A-bomb fell just the other day.
The H-bomb fell in the very same way
England went-Russia went — then the U.S.A.
The human race was destroyed without a chance to pray

The Mousie Song

1. There was a little mouse who lived on a hill
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
There was a little mousie who lived on a hill.
He rustled and tussled like Buffalo Bill.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

2. One day he thought he'd take a ride.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da
One day he thought he'd take a ride.
With a pistol and a sword at his side.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da

3. He rode up to Miss Mousie's door.
Um Hum La Di Da. Um Hum La Di Da.
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door.
And he knocked and he knocked till his knuckles got sore.
Um Hun La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

4. He put Miss Mousie on his knee.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da
He put Miss Mousie on his knee.
And said "Miss Mousie will you marry me?"
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

5. Miss Mousie said: "I can't do that."
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
Miss Mousie said: "I can't do that."
You'll have to ask my brother Rat.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

8 Now Brother Rat had gone to town.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
Now Brother Rat had gone to town.
For to buy Miss Mousie her wedding gown.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hun La Di Da.

7. The wedding was held in the old oak tree.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
The wedding was held in the old oak tree.
With popcorn, peanuts, and black eye peas.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da

8. The first to come was Mr. Chick
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
The first to come was Mr. Chick
He ate so much that he got sick.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da

9. The second to come was Mr. Fly
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
The second to come was Mr. Fly
He said that Mr. Chick would surely die.
Um Hum La Di Da, Urn Hem La Di Da.

10. The third to come was Dr. Skunk
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
The third to come was Dr. Skunk
He drank so much that he got drunk.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

11. The last to come was Mr. Snake.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
The last to come was Mr. Snake
He wrapped his tail around that cake.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

12. In the morning they had sailed for France
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
In the morning they had sailed for France
And that's what ended their romance.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

13. They had four kids what looked like rats.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
They had four kids what looked like rats.
One tall, one skinny, one short, one fat.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

14. That's all there is there ain't no more.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.
That's all there is there ain't no more.
If I told you more you might get sore.
Um Hum La Di Da, Um Hum La Di Da.

I Like the Mountains

I like the mountains,
I like the rolling hills,
I like the flowers,
I like the daffodils,
I like the fireside,
When all the lights are low.

Boom de ah da, Boom de ah da
Boom de ah da, Boom.

I love the forest,
I love the evergreens,
I love the rivers,
I love the flowing streams,
Life is to live and I want to live my life.

Indian Lake

You take a bus marked “Lakewood Drive”
And you keep on drivin till your outta the city,
Out there the air is fine
With the sweet smellin’ pine
And the countryside’s pretty.

And you’ll see daffodils peepin’ over
The hills or a honey lovin’ mamma bear.
You take a left at the bridge
Go down to Quakerform Ridge
And in a minute you’re there.

Indian Lake is a scene you should make with your little ones
Keep it in mind if you’re lookin’ to
Find a place in the summer sun,
Swim in the cove, have a snack in the grove,
Or you can rent a canoe at Indian Lake
You’ll be able to make the way the Indians do.

Pollution Protest

Tune: “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean”

The blue fish lie dead in the ocean
The codfish lie dead in the sea,
They all died of water pollution
Caused by the oil company.

Don’t swim, Don’t swim
Remember the bluefish and cod
It’s not our sea
Texaco leased it from God.

Roll On Columbia

Chorus
Roll on Columbia Roll On.
Roll on Columbia Roll on,
Your power us turning
our darkness to dawn,
So roll on Columbia roll on.

1. Green Douglas fir where the water cut thru
Down the wild canyons and mountains she flew
Canadian Northwest to the oceans so blue
It’s Roll on Columbia roll on.

2. Other great rivers have power to you
Yacksma, Snake and the Kirkataft too
Sandy Willimet and the Hood River too
It’s Roll on Columbia roll on.

3. At Bonneville now there are ships in the dock;
The water has risen and cleared all the locks
Soon ship leads of plenty will sail to your docks,
It’s Roll on Columbia roll on.

The Far Northlands

Tune: An Old Scottish Marching Air

It’s the far North land that’s a-calling me away
As take I with my pack-sack to the road,
It’s the call of me on the fords in the North
As step I with the sunlight for my load.

Chorus
By Lake Duncan and Clear Water,
To the Bearskin I will go.
And there you see the loon
and hear its plaintive Wail,
If you’re thinking in your inner heart
There’s swagger in my step,
You’ve never been along the Border Trail.
It’s the Far North-land that’s a calling me away.
As take I with-my pack-sack to the road.

(the last two lines sung softly and fading away.)

The Happy Wanderer

Chorus
Vat-de-ri! Val-de-ra!
Val-de-ri! Val-de-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Val-de-ri! Val-de-ra!
A knapsack on my back.

1. I love to go a wandering
Along the Mountain track
And as I go, I love to sing
Knapsack on my back.

2. I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me
Come join my happy song.

3. I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me.
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From every greenwood tree.

4. High overhead, the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home.
But just like me, they love to sing
As over world we do roam.

5. Oh! May I go a wandering,
until the day I die!
Oh! May I always 'laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

Whooped Up

Way down south not so very far off
A blue tailed bird knocked his head right off.
He whooped and he whooped and he whooped so hard,
he whooped his head and tail right off.

(Second verse same as first, a little louder)

A Hundred Miles

Chorus
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
If you miss the train, I'm on a hundred miles.

1. If you miss the train I'm on
Then you know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

2. Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two,
Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home.

3. Away from home, away from home,
Away from home, away from home
Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home.

4. Not a shirt on my back
Not a penny to my name
Lord I Cannot go back home

5. This a way, this a way
This a way, this array
Lord I can't go back this away.

6. Repeat Verse 1

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne.

Chorus
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We two ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Blowin' in the Wind

1. How many roads must a man walk down,
Before you'll call him a man?
Yes, how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must a cannonball fly,
Before they're forever band?

Chorus:
The answer, my friend, Is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

2. How many times must a man look up
Before he sees the sky?
How many ears must one man have,
Before he hears people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows,
That too many people have died?

3. How many years can a mountain exist,
before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head,
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

By the Waters of Babylon

By the waters, the waters of Babylon,
We laid down and wept, and wept, for the Zion.
We remember, we remember, we remember thee Zion.

Dang Me

Chorus
Dang me, dang me,
They ought to get a rope and hang me,
High from the highest tree.
Woman would you weep for me?

Well I hear I said "Hi", getting ideas.
There ain't nothing but a fool who'd live like this,
Out all night and runnin wild.
Woman sitting hate with a month old

2. Just sittin' around drinkin' with the rest of the guys.
Six rounds bought and I bought five.
Spent their groceries and half the rent.
Like fourteen dollars and twenty seven cents.

3. Roses are red and violets are purple.
Sugar is sweet and so is maple surple
And I'm the seventh out of seven sons,
my pappy was a pistol, I'm a son of a gun.

Day is Done

Tell me why you're crying my son?
Ii know -you're frightened like everyone.
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear? '
Will it help if I stay very near?
I am here.

Chorus
And if you take my hand my son,
All will be well when the day is done.
And if you take my hand my son,
All will be well when the day is done.

Group 1	Group 2
Day is done	Oh, when the day is done.
Day is done	Oh, when the day is done.
Day is done	Oh, when the day is done.
Together:	Day is done.

2. Do you ask why I am sighing my son?
You shall inherit what mankind has done.
In a world full of sorrow and woe,
If you ask my why this is so,
I really don't know.

3. Tell my why you are smiling my son?
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?
Do you know more than men that are wise?
Can you see what we must disguise,
Through your loving eyes?

Gone The Rainbow

Chorus

Shule, shule, shule-a-roo,
Shule-a-rak-shak, Shule-a-ba-ba-coo.
Whem I saw my Sally Babby Bea
Come bibble in the boo shy Lorey (repeat)

1. Sad I sit on Buttermilk Hll
Who could blame my cry my fill?
Every tear would turn a mile
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

2. I sold my flax, I sold my wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel.
That in battle he might wield
Johnny has gore for a soldier.

3. Ho, my baby, ho, my love.
Gone the rainbow, gone the dove.
Your father was my only love.
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Green Grow the Rushes Grow

I'll sing you one-ho. Green grow the rushes grow.
What is your one-ho?
One is one, and all alone and never more shall be it so!

I'll sing you two-ho. Green grow the rushes grow
What is your two-ho?
Two, two, little Boy Scouts, clothed all in green-ho
One is one, and all alone and ever more shall be it so!

[Add each verse and repeating backwards to, "One is one, and all alone, and ever more shall be it so!"]

Three, three, the rivals;
Four for the Gospel makers;
Five for the symbols at your door;
Six for the six proud walkers;
Seven for the seven stars in the sky;
Eight for the April rainers;
Nine for the nine bright shiners;
Ten for the ten commandments;
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven;
Twelve for the twelve apostles.

Greenback Dollar

Some people say I'm a no 'count.
Others say I'm no good.
But I'm just a nat'ral-born travelin' man,
doin' what I think I should, O, yeah.
Doin' what I think I should.

Chorus

And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,
spend it as fast as I can.
For a wailin' song and a good guitar,
the only things that I understand, poor boy,
the only things that I understand.

2. When I was a little baby,
my momma said, "Hey, son.
Travel where you will and grow to be a man
And sing what must be sung, poor boy.
Sing what must be sung."

3. Now that I'm a grown man,
I've traveled here and there.
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,
The only ones who ever care, poor boy,
the only ones who ever care.

4. Some people say I'm a no 'count.
Others say I'm no good.
But I'm just a nat'ral-born travelin' man,
doin' what I think I should, O, yeah.
Doin' what I think I should.

Hammer Song

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the mornin',
I'd hammer in the evenin', All over the land.
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sister,
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the mornin',
I'd ring it in the evenin', All over this land.
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out warning,
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the mornin',
I'd sing it in the evenin', all over this land.
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out warning

I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

Well I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell,
rind I've got a song to sing, All over this land.
It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.
It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

I'd like to build the world a home
Aand furnish it with love.
Grow apple trees and honey bees
And snow white turtle doves.

I'd like to teach the world to sing,
In perfect harmony.
I'd like to hold it in my arms,
And keep it company.

I'd like to see the world for once,
All standing hand in hand.
And hear them echo through the hills,
For peace throughout the land.

That's the song I hear (I'd like to teach the world to sing)
Like the world to sing today (In perfect harmony)
A song of peace that echoes on
And never goes array.

Lemon Tree

1. When I was just a lad of ten,
My father said to me;
Come here and take a lesson from
The lovely lemon tree.
Don't put your faith in love my boy,
My father said to me.
I fear you'll find that love is like
The lovely lemon tree.

Chorus

Lemon tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon, is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon, is impossible to eat.

2. One day beneath the lemon tree,
My love and I did lie.
A girl so sweet that when she smiled,
The stars rose in the sky.
We lost that summer lost in love
Beneath the lemon tree.
The music of her laughter
hid my Father's words from me.

3. One day she left without a word,
She took away the sun.
And in the dark she left behind,
I knew what she had done.
She left me for another,
It's a common tale but true.
A sadder man but wiser
now I sing these words to you

Linger

I want to linger A little longer,
A little longer here with you

It's such a perfect night
It doesn't seem quite right
That it should be my last with you.

And come September
I will remember
My camping days of friendship true

And as the years go by
I'll think of you and sigh
This is good night and not good-bye.

I want to linger A little longer
A little longer here with you.

One Tin Solder

1. Listen children to a story,
That was written long ago;
'Bout a kingdom on a mountain
And the valley far below;
On the mountain was a treasure,
Buried deep beneath a stone;
And the valley people swore,
They'd have it for their very own.

Chorus

Go ahead and hate your neighbor
Go ahead and cheat a friend
Do it in the name of heaven,
Justify it in the end.
There won't be any trumpets blowin'
Come the judgment day,
On the bloody morning after
One tin soldier rides away.

2. So the people of the valley
Sent a message up the hill,
Asking for the buried treasure,
Tons of gold for which they'd kill
Came an answer from the kingdom

With our brothers we will share,
All the secrets of our mountain,
All the riches buried there.

Puff the Magic Dragon

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called honalee.

Little Jackie Vapor
Loved that rascal puff,
And brought him strings and ceiling wax
And other fancy stuff.

Chorus:
Oh-Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called Honalee,

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called Honalee.

Together they would travel
On a boat with billowed sail,
Jackie kept a lookout perched
On Puff's gigantic tail

Noble kings and princes
Would bow when'ere they came;
Pirate ships would lower their flags .
When Puff roared out his name.

Dragon lives forever
But not so little boys,
Painted wings and giant things
Make way for other toys.

One gray night it happened
Jackie Vapor came no more,
So Puff that mighty dragon
He ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bent in sorrow
Green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play
Along the cherry lane.

Without his lifelong friend
Puff could not be brave.
So Puff that magic dragon
Silently slipped into his cave.

Chorus: (softly)

Stewball

Stewball was a race horse, and I wish he were mine.
He never drank water, he always drank wine.
His bridle was silver, his maynot was gold,
And the work of his saddle has never been told.

On the fairgrounds were crowded
And Stewball was there,
But the betting was heavy,
On the Bay and the Mare.
And away up yonder,
ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin'
my noble-Stewball.
I bet on the gray mere,
I bet on the Bay,

If I'd a bet on old Stewball
I'd be a free man today.
Oh the Lou-Dell she hollered
And the turtle dove mourned,
I'm a poor boy in trouble,
I'm a long way from home.
Oh Stewball was a race horse,
And I wish he were mine.
He never drank water,
He always drank wine.

Take me Home, Country Roads

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River,
Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains growin' like a breeze.

Chorus
Country Roads, Take me home,
To the place I belong:
West Virginia, Mountain Momma,
Take me home, Country Roads.

2. All my mem'ries gather 'round her,
`loner's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice in the morning when she calls me,
Radio reminds me of my home far away.
Driving down the roads I get a feeling
That I should have been home yesterday. Yesterday.

Today

Chorus

Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows will soon pass away,
Ere I forget all the joys that are mine today.

1. I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover,
You'll know who I am by the song I sing,
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what the "morrow will bring.

2. Can't be contented with yesterdays glories.
Can't live on promises winter to spring
This is my moment and now is my story.
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

Tom Dooley

Chorus

Hang doom your head — Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head — Tom Dooley
Poor boy your bound to die.

1. Met her on a mountain.
There I took her life.
Met her on a mountain.
Stabbed her with my knife.
Poor boy now!

2. This time tomorrow.
Reckon where I'll be
If not for graces,
Down in Tennessee,
Poor boy now;

3. This time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley.
Hangin' from a white oak tree.
Poor boy now!

4. Now Tom Dooley's dead.
No longer can be saved.
Now Tom Dooley's dead
He's a-lyin' in his grave.
Poor boy now!

Where Have all the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Gone to young girls everyone.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men everyone.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone to soldiers everyone.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards everyone.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers everyone.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Back to Gilwell

I used to be a Beaver
And a good old Beaver too,
But now I've finished Beavering,
I don't know what to do.
I'm growing old and feeble,
And I can Beaver no more.
So I'm going to earn my ticket, if I can.

Chorus
Back to Gilwell happy land, happy land,
I'm going to earn my ticket if I can.
Back to Gilwell happy land, happy land,
I'm going to earn my ticket if I can.

I used to be a Wolf Cub ...
I used to be a Boy Scout ...
I used to be a Venturer ...
I used to be a Rover ...

Birds in the Wilderness

Tune: "Old Gray Mare"

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Birds in the wilderness,
Bards in the wilderness,
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waiting for the fun to start.
Waiting for the fun to start
Waiting for the fun to start;
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waiting for the fun to start.

Climbing Up the Ladder

Tune: "Railroad Song"

Chorus
Patsy, oree, oree, ay,
Patsy, oree, ores, ay,
Patsy, oree, oree, ay,
Climbing up the ladder.

In 2001, I thought that Scouting must be fun,
I thought that Scouting must be fun,
Climbing up the ladder.

In 2002, I set myself to work it through,
In 2003, A Boy Scout troop accepted me.
In 2004, My badge as tenderfoot I wore.
In 2005, At second class I did arrive.
In 2006, With First Class Scouts I did my tricks
In 2007, A star reminded me of heaven.
In 2008, To be a Life Scout was my fate.
In 2009, At last the Eagle badge was mine.
In 20-10, if you want more I'll sing it again.

Cry-I-Cry-I-Cus

Cry-I Cry-I-Cus
Nobody likes us
We are the Scouts of the U.S.A.
Always a winnin'
Always a grinnin'
Always a feelin' gay, Hey!

Follow Me Boys

Chorus
Follow me boys, follow me,
When you think your really beat
That the time to lift your feet,
And follow me boys, follow me,
Pick'em up, put'em down and follow me,
Pick'em up, put'em down pick'em up.

There's a job to do,
There's a fight to win,
Follow me boys, follow me,
And it won't be time till we all pitch in,
Lift your chin with a grin and follow me.

It's a long long climb,
But we've got the will,
Follow me boys, follow me,
When we reach the top
Then It's all down hill,
Till you drop don't you stop and follow me.

So the journeys end
Is beyond our sight,
Follow me boys, follow me,
If we do our best
And we've done alright,
Pack your load, hit the road and follow me.

Good Night Comrades

Tune "Good Night, Ladies"

Good night, Comrades!
Good night, Comrades!
Good night, Comrades!
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus
Merrily we stroll along,
Stroll along, Stroll Along;
Merrily we stroll along,
O'er the dark green fields.

Sweet dreams, Comrades!
Sweet dreams, Comrades!
Sweet dreams, Comrades'!
We're going to leave you now.

Repeat Chorus

Good Old Open Trail
Tune: "Jingle Bells"

Skies are warm and bright,
Out hearts are light and gay;
Everything's all right,
And bright the world today;
Let's be on the march
Over hill and dale.
On a happy hike we go once more,
On the good old open trail!

Chorus
March along! March along
Singing all the while,
Shouting out a rousing song
As we reel off mile on mile. (Keep time there)
March along! March along!'
Spirits never fail,
When again we're on our way,
On the good old open trail.

Growing Together
1. Watchin' the sun come up early mornin light.
Be in with my friends,
That's what its all about.
Talkin' things over as we travel our way.

Cause we are:

(Refrain)
Growing together learning to know each other better.

Watchin' over the world lookin' after our brother.
Being on hand when we're needing each other.
Knowin' together, tomorrow will be our best day ever.

Cause we're makin' the world better
Growing together each day
Cause we are makin' the world better
Growing together each day.

I Belong
I belong to a wonderful wonderland.
Everywhere there's a friendly hand to guide me.
It is mine in this world that I own.
I need never be alone.
Till journey ends a million friends
Will decorate my ways.
And all along a summer song,
Will fill my scouting days.
I belong to a wonderful world of boys.
And my heart can alight the joys of living
Let me give all I have to give
Find in every way be strong.
Let me pledge anew, all my life to you
And the land where I belong.

I'm Happy When I'm Hiking
I'm happy when I'm hiking,
Pack upon my back
I'm happy when I'm hiking,
Off the beaten track
Out in the open country,
That's the place for me
With a true scout friend,
To the Journey's end.
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty,
Fifty miles a day,
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Lang, Lang Trail to Camp
Tune: "Long, Long trail"

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the camp of my dreams:
Where the evening camp fire's glowing
And the bright moon beams.

There'll be long, long months of waiting
Until my dreams all come true:
Until the day when I'll be going down
That (Camp) a: trail with you.
At 'Owasippe', 'Kiwanis' or:
That old (Camp) trail with you.

(After arriving in Camp the last four lines will be):

There've been long, long months of waiting
And now my dreams have come true:
And every day I'm slipping down
That old camp trail with you.

Let Us Sing Together
Let us sing together,
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.

Let us sing together,
Let us sing together,
One and all a joyous song.

Let us sing again and again,
Let us sing again and again
Let us sing again and again
One and all a joyous song.

Philmont Hymn
Silver on the sage,
Starlit skies above,
Aspen covered hills,
Country that I love.
Philmont Here's to thee,
Scouting Paradise,
Out in God's country, tonight

Wind in whispering pines,
Eagles soaring high,
Purple mountains rise,
Against an azure sky.
Philmont here's to thee,
Scouting Paradise,
Out in God's country Tonight.

Scout Company

1. When you hear the sound of the morning call
That ever came out of the land of the free …

Chorus
S-C-O-U-T is a good scout
Come along with me be a good scout,
Tra la la la la boom, Tra la la la la boom,
We are Boy Scouts rah, rah, rah!

2. When you hear the sound of the big bass drum,
Then you'll know that the scouts have come for …

3. When you get a line on a new recruit
Dress him up in a khaki suit for the …

Scouting Spirit

Tune: "Joy in My Heart"

1. I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
Up in my head,
I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Up in my head to stay.

2. I've got that Scouting spirit,
Deep in my heart ...

Continue as in first verse.

3. I've got that Scouting spirit,
Down in my feet ...

Continue as in first verse.

4. I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me ...

Continue as in first verse.

5. I've got that Scouting spirit,
Up in my head,
Deep in my heart,
Down in my feet,
I've got that Scouting spirit,
All over me,
All over me to stay.

Scouting We Go

Tune: "Mobile"

Scouting we go, Scouting we go,
Sunlit trails and lands where waters flow.
By the campfire's friendly flaming glow,
Scouting we go, Scouting we go.

The Boy Scout Day

Tune: "Perfect Day"

When you come to the end of a Boy Scout day,
And you sit in the camp fire light;
And the sky has turned from the blue to grey,
With the shades of the coming night;
Do you think :chat the end of a good Scout day,
Can mean in a real boy's life ;
When the bugle blows & the flag comes dorm,
And there's peace in the world of strife.
Well this is the end of a Boy Scout day,
Near the end of our journey, too;
And the days that are gone cannot be recalled,
What have they meant to you?
For we've shared the same tent side by side,
The streets of the old world trod;
In sun and rain we've done our best,
And we're closer grown to God.

The More We Camp Together

Tune: "Ach Du Lieber Augustine"

The more we camp together,
the merrier, merrier
The more we camp together, the merrier we'll be
For my Scout says to your Scout,
And your Scout says to his Scout,
And his Scout says to my Scout,
And my Scout says to me,
The more we camp together,
the merrier, merrier
The merrier, the merrier,
the merrier we'll be.
The more we camp together
the merrier we'll be.

The More We Get Together

Tune: "Ach der Lieber Augustine"

The more we get together, together, together
The more we get together, the happier are we.
For your friends are my friends
And my friends are *your* friends.
The more we get together, the happier are we are.

Till We Meet Again
By the blazing council fire's light,
We have met in comradeship tonight,
'Round about the whispering trees
Guard our golden memories.

And so before we close our eyes in sleep,
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships, strong and deep,
Till we meet again.

Trail To Eagle
Tune:"On Wisconsin"

Trail the Eagle, Trail the Eagle,
Climbing all the time.
First the Star, and then the Life,
Will on your bosom shine.

Keep climbing!

Blaze the trail and we will follow,
Hark the Eagle's call;
On, brothers, on until we're Eagles all.

Troop Number Song
Tune: "Hip Ho the Merrio"

We are Scouts from Troop __!
Where Scouting's good and free
Hi, He for Troop __!
She's good enough for me.
Several dozens Boy Scouts
and dozens more there'll be.

Hi, He, for Troop __!
She's good enough for me

Just like a good Scout we are growing.
We started some thing and we'll keep it going
Good Turn is our motto,
Prepared we'll ever be.
Hi, He for Troop __!,
She's good enough for me.

Trusty Tommy Was A Scout
Tune: "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

Trusty Tommy was a Scout,
Loyal to his mother,
Helpful to the folks about,
Friendly to his brothers.

Chorus
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la

2. **Courteous** to the girl he knew,
Kind unto his rabbit,
Obedient to his father too,
and **Cheeful** in his habits.

3. **Thrifty** saving for a need,
Brave, but not a faker,
Clean in thought and word and deed,
and **Reverent** to his maker.

Vi Va La More
Chorus
Viva la viva la viva la more
Viva la viva la viva la more
Viva la more, viva la more,
Viva la Companie,

1. Let every good fellow now join in a song
Viva La Companie
Success to each other and pass it along
Viva La Companie, Hey!

2. A friend on the left and a friend on the right
Viva la Companie
In willing endeavor our hands we unite
Viva la Companie.

We're Here for the Fun
Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

We're here for fun right from the start
So drop your dignity.
Just laugh and sing with all your heart
And show your loyalty.

May all your troubles be forgot
Let this night be the best
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

We're On the Upward Trail
We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing as we go.
Scouting bound.

We're on the upward trail,
We're on the upward trail,
Singing, Singing (everybody singing)
Scouting bound.

A Way Down Yonder
A way down yonder not so very far off,
A blue jay died of the whooping cough.
Well he whooped so hard from the whooping cough,
That he whooped his head and tail right off.

Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

Third verse, same as the first, a whole lot louder and a whole lot worse!

America
America, America,
how can I tell you how I feel?
You have given me many treasures.
I love you so.

Be Prepared
(4 part round)

Be, Be, Be, prepared, The motto of the Boy Scouts,
Be, Be, Be, prepared, The motto of the Boy Scouts,
Prepared! Prepared! The motto of the Boy Scouts
Prepared! Prepared! The motto of the Scouts.

Bottle Pop - II
(3 part round)

1. One bottle pop, two bottle pop, three bottle pop, four bottle pop five bottle pop, six bottle pop, seven, seven bottle pop.

2. Don't chucky-chucky my a-chuck my a-chuck, my a-chuck. Don't chucky-chucky my a-chuck. Chucky-chucky-chucky-chuck

Or

2. Don't chuck your muck in my dustpan, my dustpan my dustpan. Don't chuck your much in my dustpan, my dustpan's full.

3. Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar, vinegar. Fish and chips and vinegar. Bottle, bottle, bottle of pop.

Calliope
(4 part round)

1. Um twiddle de dee, um twiddle de dee
2. Um shh shh, Um shh shh
3. Um pah pah, Um pah pah
4. The more we get together, together, together;
The more we get together, The happier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends.
And my friends are your friends.
The more we get together,
The happier we'll be.

Ezekiel Saw A Wheel Turning
(3 part round)

Ezekiel saw a wheel a-turning
Way in the middle of the air.
The big wheel ran by faith:
The little wheel ran by the race of God.
Ezekiel saw a wheel a-turning
Way in the middle of the air.

Gee, I'm Glad I'm A Boy Scout
(4 part round)

Gee, I'm glad I'm a Boy Scout, Yes, I am.
Gee, I'm glad I'm a Boy Scout, Yes, I am.
I'd rather wear the fleur-de-lis
Than be the king of Italy.

Hello, Hello
Hello. Hello. Hello.
We're glad to meet you,
We're glad to greet you
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

(Divide the singers into 4 groups, each singing 1 "Hello" and holding it through to the completion of the full chord, singing the middle part in unison)

Hi. Ho. Nobody Home
(3 part round)

Hi, Ho, nobody home.
Meat for drink nor money have I none
Still I will be me-e-e-ery

Let Us Sing Together
(3 part round)

Let us sing together
Let us sing together
Let us sing a joyous song.
Let us sing to-ge-ther
Let us sing a joyous song.
Let us sing again and again.
Let us sing again and again
Let us sing again and again
Let us sing a joyous song.

Little Tommy Tinker
(2 part round)

Little Tommy Tinker Sat on a clinker,
And he began to cry,
"Oh, Me!, Oh, Mail'
Poor little innocent boy.

London's Burning
London's burning, London's burning:
Look it yonder, look it yonder.
Fire, fire, fire, fire,
And we have no water.

One Bottle of Pop - I
One bottle of pop, two bottle of pop,
Three bottle o' pop, four bottle o' pop.
Five bottle o' pop, six bottle o' pop,
Seven, seven bottle o' pop.

Don't check your muck in my dust pan,
My dust pan, my dust pan,
Don't chuck your muck in my dust pan,
My dust pan's full.

Fish and chips and vinegar,
vinegar, vinegar,
Fish and chips and vinegar
Pepper, pepper, pepper POP!

Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream:
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

The Paddle Song
Our paddles keen and bright, flashing like silver
Swift as the wild goose flight. Dip, dip and swing.

Dip, dip and swing them back, flashing like silver
Swift as the wild goose flight. Dip, dip and swing.

(Start softly and get louder as the canoes "get nearer." Then get softer again as the "pass and go downstream.")

This Old Man
1. This old man, he played one,
he played knick knack on my thumb,
with a knick knack paddy whack
Give your dog a gone,
This old man came rolling home.

2. On my shoe.
3. On my knee
4. On my door
5. On my hive
6. On my stick
7. Up in heaven
8. On my gate
9. On my spine
10. Once again

Three Blind Mice
Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,
As three blind mice?

Amen

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen Amen.
See the little baby, (amen)
Lying in the manger (amen)
On Christmas morning (amen, amen, amen)
See him in the Temple (amen)
Talking to the elders (amen)
Who marvel at his wisdom (amen, amen, amen)

2. Follow him In the garden
Down to the Jordan
Praying to his father
Where John baptized him.
In deepest sorrow.

3. At the seaside 7
Led before Pilate
Calling to the fishes
There they crucified him
Making them disciples.
Rose on Easter morning,

4. March through Jerusalem.
Amen, Amen
With palm branches Amen,
Amen, Amen.
With pomp and glory.

Dem Bones

I know it brother —(I know it)
Yes indeed I know it brother (I know it)
I know it brother —(I know it)
These bones shall rise again

1. Lord decided to make a man
These bones shall rise again
So he took a little water, Took a little sand,
These bones shall rise again.

2. Adam didn't know what to do
These bones shall rise again
So the Lord made a woman too
These bones shall rise again.

3. Took a rib from Adam's side
These bones shall rise again ;
Gave Miss Eve to be his bride
These bones shall rise again .

4. Put them in a garden fair
These bones shall rise again
Thought they'd be contented there
These bones shall rise again.

5. Peaches, pears, plums and such
These bones shall rise again
But of this tree you must not touch
These bones shall rise again.

6. Around that tree old Satan slunk.
These bones shall rise again.
And at Miss Eve his eye he wunk.
These bones shall rise again.

7. First he gave her the one he pulled.
These bones shall rise again
Then he filler her apron full.
These bones shall rise again.

8. Next day when the Lord came down.
These bones shall rise again
Saw those cores all over the ground.
These bones shall rise again.

9. Adam you must leave this place.
These bones shall rise again.
For what you've done is a terrible disgrace
These bones shall rise again.

Or

9. Adam, Adam where art thou?
These bones shall rise again.
Here I is, Lord. I'z comin' now.
These bones shall rise again.

10. But Lordy, Lordy! Wasn't me.
These bones shall rise again.
I 'specs it was Eve.
These bones shall rise again.

11. So he gave them a pick and plow.
These bones shall rise again.
And I guess that's why we're working now
These bones shall rise again.

12. This is where my story ends. Yeaaahl!
These bones' shall rise again.
If you don't sing louder I'll sing it all over again.
Them bones shall rise again

Happy Sunday School

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join the happy Sunday School and have a lot of fun
Please Park your chewing gum and razors at the door
And we'll tell you Bible stories,
That you never heard before.

1. The earth was made in six days
And finished an the seventh,
Accordin' to the contract
It should've taken eleven,
But the carpenter was drunk
And the mason wouldn't work,
So the only thing to do
Was to fill it up with dirt.

2. Adam was the first man,
Eve was his spouse
They didn't much like farming
So they took to keeping house,
Things were easy,
They were living in the main
Till Eve had a baby,
And she took to raisin' Cain

3. Adam was the first man
Ever was invented,
He lived all alone
and he never was contented
He was made outta mud
in the days gone by
They hung him on the fence
in the sun to dry.

4. Noah was an old man,
A stumblin' in the dark,
He stumbled on a hammer
And he built himself an ark,
The animals they came in two by two,
He thought he ham an ark,
But he really had a zoo!

5. Salome was a dancer,
Who danced -the hoochy-cooch
The king didn't like her
Cause she didn't wear so mooch.
The king said, "Salome,
You cannot do that here."
Salome said, "Baloney,"
And she kicked him in the rear.

6. Samson was a strong man
From Jeffrey Johnson School
He killed 3,000 Philistines
With the jawbone of a mule,
Then he met Delilah,
And she filled him up with gin,
He pulled down the temple
And the cops they run him in.

7. David was a, little boy,
A fiery little cuss
Along came Goliath
a lookin' for a fuss
David said he'd beat him up,
Or down he would bust,
So he picked up a hammer,
And he bust him in the crust.

8. Daniel was a little boy,
Who wouldn't obey the king,
And now the king
wouldn't stand for such a thing.
So he plucked him in the den,
With lions underneath
But Daniel was a dentist
And he yanked the lion's teeth!

He's Got the Whole World

He's got the whole world-in his hands.
He's got the whole wide world-in his hands.
He's got the whole world-in his hands
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the flowers and the trees-in his hands
He's got the flowers and the trees-in his hands
He's got the flowers and the trees-in his hands.
He's 'got the whole world in his hands.

3. He's got the earth and sky-in his hands.
4. He's got the night and the day-in his hands.
5. He's got the sun and the moon-in his hands.
6. He's got the wind and the rain-in his hands.
7. He's got the rivers and the streams-in his hands.
8. He's got the spring and the fall-in his hands
9. He's got each and every Scout-in his hands.
10. He's got the whole camp-in his hands.
11. He's got you and me brother-in his hands.
12. He's got the whole world-in his hands.

Kum Ba Yah

Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my lord, Kum ba yah.
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
O Lord, Kum ba yah

Michael Row the Boat

Chorus

Michael row the boat ashore, Hal-le-lu-ya.
Michael row the boat ashore. Hal-le-lu-ya.

1. Sister helped to trim the sail. Hal-le-lu-ya.
Sister helped to trim the sail. Hal-le-lu-ya.

2. The river Jordan is chilly and cold, Hal-le-lu-ya.
Chills the body but not the soul. Hal-le-lu-ya.

3. The river Jordan is deep and wide, Hal-le-lu-ya.
Milk and honey on the other side.. Hal-le-lu-ya.

4. Brother lend a helping hard, Hal-le-lu-ya.
Take us to the Promised land. Hal-le-lu-ya.

5. Michael's boat is a music boat, Hal-le-lu-ya.
Michael's boat is a music boat. Hal-le-lu-ya.

Rise and Shine

Chorus

Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory
Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory
rise and shine and (clap) give God your glory, glory
Children of the Lord.

1. Lord told Noah
there's gonna be a floody, floody
Lord told Noah there's gonna be a floody, floody
Get those children (clap)
out of the muddy, muddy
Children of the Lord.

2. So Noah he built him,
he built him an arkie, arkie
So Noah he built him, he built him an arkie, arkie
Built it out of (clap)
hickory barkie, barkie.
Children o£ the Lord.

3. The animals they came in,
they came in by twosies, twosies.
The animals they came in,
they cane in by twosies, twosies.
Elephants and (clap)
kangaroosies, roosies.
Children of the Lord.

4. It rained and rained
for forty daysies, daysies
It rained and rained for forty daysies, daysies
Almost drove those (clap)
animals crazy, crazy
Children of the Lord.

5. The sun came out
and dried up the landy, landy,
Sun came out and
dried up the landy, landy,
Everything was fine and dandy, dandy,
Children of the Lord.

Rock of My Soul

Chorus

Rock of my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock of my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock of my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
O rock of my soul.

So high you can't get over it,
So low you can't get under it,
So wide you can't get around it.

Scout Vespers

Tune: "Tannenbaum"

Softly falls the light of day,
While our campfire fades away.
Silently each scout should ask:
"Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared.?"

Listen Lord, oh listen Lord,
As I whisper soft and low,
Bless my Mom and bless my Dad,
There is something they should know.
I have kept my honor bright.
The Oath and Law has been my guide.
Mom and Dad, this you should know,
Deep in my heart I love you so.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

Chorus

It's me, It's me,
it's me, 0 Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer;
It's me, It's me, it's me, 0 Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.

1. Not my brother, nor my sister,
But it's me, 0 Lord.
Standing in the need of prayer.
Not my brother, nor my sister
Standing in the need of prayer.

2. Not the preacher, nor the deacon
But it's me, 0 Lord.
Standing in the need of prayer.
Not the preacher, nor the deacon
But it's me, 0 Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.

Taps
Day is done.
Gone the sun
From the lakes, From the hills, From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh

Fading light
Dims the sight
And a star, Gems the sky, Gleaming bright
From afar
Drawing nigh
Falls the night

Thanks and praise
For our days
'Neath the sun, 'Neath the stars, 'Neath the sky
As we go
This we know
God is nigh

Tell Me Why
Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines
Tell me why the sky's so blue,
Tell me (Camp) Just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy to twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Dear old (Camp) that's why I love you.

These Bones Shall Rise Again
Chorus

I know it brother, yes indeed I know it brother
I know it brother, these bones shall rise again

leader: 1. Lord he thought he'd make a man
all: These bones shall rise again
leader: Took a little water, took a little sand
all: These bones shall rise again

2. Put him in that garden fair
Saw him mighty lonely there

3. Took a rib from Adam's side made
Miss Eve to be his bride.

4. Put them in that garden fair
Saw them mighty happy there.

5. Apples, peaches, pears and such
But one fruit you must not touch.

6. Round that tree old Satan slunk
At Miss Eve his eye he wunk.

7. My that fruit looks mighty fine
Take a bite, the Lord won't mind.

8. So she took a pick and she took a pull
Then she filled her apron full.

9. Next day when the Lord came round
Saw those cores all over the ground.

10. Adam, Adam, where art thou?
Here I am Lord, coming now!

11. Adam who these cores did leave?
Wasn't me Lord, must a been Eve.

12. Adam you must leave this place
Earn your bread by the sweat of your face.

13. So he took a pick and he took a plow
And that's why we're all singing now.

14. This is the end, there ain't no more
Eve got the apple, Adam got the core.

15. Moral of the story be
Don't leave your cores for the Lord to see.

Vespers, Taps & Scout Oath
End campfire with the singing of Scout Vespers with Taps sung next without a break. Each line of Taps would be sung and then a senior boy leader of the troop would speak the Scout Oath one phrase at a time. At the end of the phrase the Troop would sing the next line of Taps and so on.

(Troop sings)
Softly falls the light of day
As our campfire fades away
Silently each scout should ask
Have I done my daily task
Have I kept my honor bright
Can I guiltless sleep tonight
Have I done or have I dared
Everything to be prepared

Day is done **(Troop)**
On my honor **(Spoken By Scout)**

Gone the sun **(Troop)**
I will do my best **(Scout)**

From the Lake **(Troop)**
To do my duty to God and my country **(Scout)**

From the hills **(Troop)**
And to obey the Scout Law **(Scout)**

From the sky **(Troop)**
To help other poeple at all times **(Scout)**

All is well **(Troop)**
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake **(Scout)**

Safely rest **(Troop)**
And morally straight **(Scout)**

God is nigh. **(Troop)**

You Can Dig My Grave

You can dig my grave with a silver spade
You can dig my grave with a silver spade
Cause I ain't gonna be here much longer.

There's a white robe up in heaven for me.
There's a golden crown up in heaven for me.
There's a golden harp in heaven for me.

You can touch one string,
And the whole heaven rings.

You Can't Get To Heaven

Oh you can't get to heaven (repeat)
In (insert name)'s shoes (repeat)
Because the Lord don't want (repeat)
No war canoes....(repeat)

Chorus
(repeat four lines previously sung)
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh you can't get to heaven (repeat)
In (insert name)'s car (repeat)
Because the rotten thing (repeat)
Stops at every bar (repeat)

Well the deacon went down (repeat)
To the cellar to pray, (repeat)
But he got drunk (repeat)
So he stayed all day, (repeat)

Baba Eka Bo
Baba eka be, ekabo
Baba ile nko Se alafia ni
Baba iyawo nko salafia ni
Baba omooe nko
Baba eka be, ekabo
Baba eka be, ekabo

Cuma Zimba
Part I - Chief, chief, chief, chief

Part II - cuma zimba, zimba, ziya
coma zimba, zimba, zee
coma zimba, zimba ziya
coma zimba, zimba zee

See him there that Zulu warrior
She him there that Zulu chief
Chief, chief, chief, chief

Ding Gang Goo
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli
Watcha ging gang goo ging gang goo
Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli
Watcha ging gang goo ging gang goo

Heyla, heyla sheyla, heyla sheyla heyla hol
Heyla, heyla sheyla, heyla sheyla heyla ho:
Shali walli, shali, walli, shali walli,shali walli,

Ooompah, oompah.....

Dutch Song
I'm a heartbroken Deutscher filled with grief and nit shame.
Und dis is de reason. I don't know my name.

Chorus
Ah Hul ya, la hul ya, la hul ya, la la
Ah Hul ya, la hul ya, la hul ya, la la

2. You tink dot is funny, you tink dot is queer
But ve-it until my story you hear.

3. My mudder had tvins, me und my brudder
Ve vus so much alike, couldn't tell van from de udder

4. Ve vus called Hans and Yakup, and dot vus our names,
But dot made no difference, ve got called chust der same.

5. Non vun of us died and belief me it's so
Vich vun uv us died, mine own mudder don't know.

6. Und dis is der ting I can't get tru my jead
if I'm Hans vot is living or Yakup vot's dead.

Framat Vi Ga Sjungande
Frp mat vi ga Sjungande pa varan
glada trall Blackhawk lagret ar ju
Malet for oss i sommar Scouter hor hit
Aijen oss dit till lagret vid Big Blue Lake
Vart 2n det bar Al'alet hor h'ar
Klart man hava skall Blackhawk lagret ar ju
Helet for oss i sonar Scouter hor hit
fdljen oss dit till lagaze t vid Big Blue Lake

Han Skal Leve
Han skal leve, Han skal leve
Han skal leve, hoit, Hurrah'!
Hurrah, hurrah, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Han skal leve, Han skal leve,
Han skal leve hoit Hurrah!

Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravissimo,
Bravo, bravo, bravissimo
Bravo, bravissimo
Bravo, bravissimo,
Bravo, bravo, bravissimo.

(This song has become very popular in camps over the country. In Denmark the song is used when you want to laud a person particularly at meetings, parties and around the camp fire. The text is pronounced thus; " Han skal levay hoit, Hurrah!" all a's being pronounced as a in "hard." The translation is "t play he live splendidly. Hurrah!.")

Holly Poddle Doodle
Ein hase sass im tiefen gras
Singing holly polly doodle all the day

Uebt segelflug wie lilienthal
Singing holly polly doodle all the day

Der hase denkt das geht famos, singing…
Zieht seinen fallschirm and springt los, singing…
Und fuenfzig meter ueberm boden, singing…
Sieht er sin schild "Hier parken verboten" singing...
Den armen hasen sperrt man ein, singing.....
Bei trocken brot and gaensewein, singing.....

Farewell, farewell, far well my fairy fay
Oh im off to Louisiana for to see my Susianna
Singing Holly polly doodle all the day.

Hong Kong Blues
Chorus
Come on you music master,
We want to hear the sound
And you know the style
We're gonna choose.

For there isn't any land
Anywhere you go to beat the band
Good as the Hong King Blues.

1. You can go to New Orleans
on any dancing floor
or merry side or Triniday or
Down to Bangalor.
But there is no other school like ours.
So sample it, cool

2. This is the kind of music
Under the midnight sun
Dancing through the hours you wouldn't lose.
For there isn't any beat
That was ever heard on Basin Street
Good as the Hong Kong Blues.

3. They play it high and then
They play it sweet and low down
It's got a sound nobody ever heard before.
You can travel up and down
But you got to go to Chinatown
To hear the Hong Bong Blues.

4. No matter where you come from
No matter where *you* go.
And it doesn't matter
There you've been
You can travel up and down
But you got to go to Chinatown
To hear the Hong Kong
I said the Hong Kong
To hear the Hong Kong blues

5. We can sail the seven seas,
To cities big and small
But beyond a doubt
this is our favorite port-o-call.
'When its shore leave we can go
And now we got the lot, so.

Ko-Ko, Ko-Ko
Jag gick mig ut i skogen dar liv och gladje
bor och goken gol sa trogen och ropade. ko-ko
Ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko-ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko,
Ko-ko, ko-ko, ko ko-ko-ko, ko-ko.
Jag fragade hur manga, hur mcaanga ar
mantro han svarade med langa och klagande: ko - ko

Kung, Kling, Kung
Kling klieg klang, vi er sa gode naver
Kling klieg klang, pa vejen nar vi traver
Kling king klang, tenk gott om mej min van
Ihx aver ej nar igen vi ses pa landevej

O Mo Ni Go
Omo ni go, omo ni gogo moni go,
igo igo re, omo ni

O, Vad Livet Ar H Arlight
O, vad livet ar hprligt
Sjunger vi i en sang,
Blir det nansin besova.rligt
Stammer vi upp en sang
Se smg so stralar lockas
Fram av var lilla sang
Det ljusnar duet lattar om vi pa en gang
Sjunger var lil a sang

Sarasponda
Part One —Boom da Boom da
Boom da Boom da

Part Two —Sarasponda, Sarasponda,
Sarasponda Ret, set, set. (repeat)

Ah do ray oh,
Ah do ray boom day oh,
Ah do ray boom day ret set set,
Ah say pa say oh.

Six Pence
1. I've got six pence.
Jolly, jolly six pence
I've got six pence
To last me all my life,
live got two pence to lend,
and two pence to spend
And two pence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

Chorus
No cares have I to greet me
No sassy little girls to deceive me
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me
As we go rolling, rolling home
Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day when the staff gets it pay
As we go rolling, rolling home.

2. I've got four pence.
Jolly, jolly four pence
live got four pence
To last me all my life,
I've got no pence to lend,
and two pence to spend
And two pence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

3. Two pence
4. No pence.

Walking at Night
Walking at night, along the meadow way,
Home from our camp, beside our comrades
Walking at night, along the meadow way,
Home from our camp, beside our comrades

Chorus
Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pumps
Sto-do-la pumpa
Sto-do-la pumpa
Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pumpa
Sto-do-la pumpa, pum, pum, puss.

Nearing a wood, we heard the nightingale
Sweetly it echoed over hill and dale,
Nearing a wood we heard a nightingale,
Sweetly it echoed, over hill and dale.

Many the stars that brightly shone above,
But none so bright as her one word of love
Many the stars that brightly shone above,
But none so bright as her one word of love.

Waltzing Matilda
Chorus
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
(Repeat last two lines of verse)

Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and he waited 'til his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came a jumpbuck to drink beside the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee.
And he sang as he talked to that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came the storyman, riding on his thorougbred
Down came the troopers one, two, three.
"There's the jolly jumbuck you've got inside your tuckerbag?"
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," says he.
And his ghost can be heard as you ride beside the billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

We Are Jolly Boys
Vie are jolly boys,
Vie are jolly scouts '
We are jolly friends
Jolly Jolly Oh
Jolly Jolly Oh

Wild Rover
I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
Now I'm returning with gold in great store,
Oh, I swear I will play the Wild Rover no more.

Chorus
And it's no-Nay-Never (clap four times)
No no never no more
I will play, the wild rover,
No never, no more.

1. I went to an ale house I used to frequent,
And told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay"
"A hundred like you I can get any day"

2. I pulled from my pocket 10 sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened up with delight.
She said she had whiskey and wine of the best,
But the words that she offered were only in Jest.

3. I go to my parents, confess what I've done,
I ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they caressed me as oft times before
I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

Wir Zogen Indas Feld
Wir aogen in das feld
as haetten wir weder saeckel noch geld
Strampedemi, ala mi presente avuostro signori

Yir kamen auch nach Rom
Da gingen wir in Sankt Peters Dom
Strampedemi ....

Dann kamen wir nach liien
Und mussten vor den Tuerken flien
Strampedemi ....

Mir kamen nach Benevent
Da hatt all unser not ein end.

Zum Gali Gali
1. He-cha-lutz le'man a-vo-dah
A vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz;

Chorus
Zum gali gali gall, Zum gali gali,
Zum gali gali gali, Zum gali gali.

2. A-vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz
He-cha-lutz le'man he-cha-lutz;

3. He-cha-lutz le'man he-b'tu-lah
Ha-b'tu-lah le'man he-cha-lutz;

4. He-sha-lom le'man ha-agnin
Ha-a-min le'man ha-sha-lom;

2,000 Lb.Canary Cheer
Put hands on opposite shoulders, while opening and closing elbows, say in a deep voice, “Here, kitty, kitty.”

Abe Lincoln Cheer
That was great! HONEST!

Alka Seltzer Cheer
Plop, Plop, Fizz, Fizz, Oh what a relief it is.

Angry Cantaloupe Cheer
Motion
Scoop out seeds and shove into your mouth

Archery Cheer

Cheer	Motion
	Pull out and nock arrow
Twanggg	Release bow string
Ouch!	Jump up and hold your seat because the arrow hit you there.

Archery Cheer
Mimic shooting an arrow, then call out, “Bull’s Eye!”

Artillery Cheer
Clap hands, speeding up and then slowing it down until it (the bombardment) stops

Avon Lady Cheer
Point a forefinger and shout, “Ding, Dong!”

Baden-Powell Cheer

Cheer	Motion
A Sky-Va-Va	Spin hand over head
A Ski-Vee-Vee	Spin left hand around
Sisss	Spin right hand around
Boom	Throw towards the ground
Cuckoo	Put hands over the ears.

Barbershop Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Chit-chit. Chit-chit	Sharpen razor
Tsch! Tsch! Tsch!	Shave face

Bear Cheer
Growl like a bear four times with your “paws” held over your head, turning halfway around each time.

Beaver Cheer
Cut a tree by tapping front teeth together, slap your tail by slapping a palm against your thigh, then yell, “TIMBER!”

Bee Cheer
Put arms straight out and pretend to fly, while going “Buzz-z-z-z, Buzz-z-z-z.”

Ben Franklin Cheer
Hold both hands out in front of you as if flying a kite. Jerk back suddenly while saying, “Zap, Zap, Zap.” (Lightening)

Big Hand Cheer
Leader says, “let’s give him/her/them a big hand” everybody in the audience holds up one of their hands with the palm out.

Big Rainstorm Cheer
1. Start clapping with one finger of each hand.
2. Increase fingers until you are full clapping.
3. Decrease until clapping with one finger

Big Rock Candy Mountain Cheer
How sweet it is.

Big Sneeze Cheer
Cup hands in front of nose and sneeze in hands. Having nowhere to put it, wipe your hands in your hair.

Big Thumb Cheer
Hold out a hand at arms length, make a fist with the thumb up. Variation Add, “GREAT JOB!!”

Bing-A-Lacka Cheer
Bing-A-Lacka! Bing-A-Lacka!
Bing-Bing-Bing!
Ching-A-Lacka! Ching-A-Lacka!
Ching-Ching-Ching!
Bing-A-Lacka! Ching-A-Lacka!
Who are We?
We are the Boy Scouts! Yes Sir-r-ee-eee

Black Powder Rifle Cheer
Pretend to have black powder rifle in front of you. Pour powder from an imaginary powder horn down the barrel. Stamp it down with an imaginary rod, raise the gun and fire saying, “Click, BANG!”

British Rank Yell
Be Prepared! Be Prepared! Shout! Shout! Shout!
Tenderfoot! Second Class! First Class Scout!

Broken Arm Cheer
Stick arm out in front of you with the lower arm and hand dangling. Swing lower arm and hand back and forth in a limp manner.

Bull Cheer
Make bull horns with fingers while shouting “El Toro, El Toro !”

Bull Fighter Cheer
Hold down cape and move to in appropriate motion while shouting “OLE!”

Calamine Lotion Cheer
(Repeat after leader)

Fleas, Flys, Mosquitoes, June bugs!
Calamine, Calamine, Calamine Lotion!
Oh No! That Calamine Lotion! (repeat)
Itchy, Itchy, Scratchy, Scratchy!
I got one on my Backy, Backy!
Itch goes the bug when you hit him with the bug spray!
Shooooooooo!

Call the Hogs Cheer
SOOOOOOOO EEEEEEEE, SOOOOOOOO, EEEEEEEE!!!!!!! PIG PIG PIG PIG!!!

Can of Applause Cheer
Cheer and applaud as cover is removed from can and become quiet as lid is replaced.

Cantaloupe Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Ssssshuuuuup	Suck up seeds
Ptuuuuu!	Spit them out

Carpenter Cheer
Pretend to be holding a hammer in one hand and a nail in the other. Start pounding the nail with the hammer while saying, “Bang, Bang, Ouch”.

Cat’s Meow Cheer
You’re the cats MeeeeOOOOW!!! (to person receiving applause)

Cheerio Cheer
Cheerio-Cheerio-Cheerio.

Cherry Cheer
Pick a cherry, roll in your mouth, then spit the pit out with a loud “P-TUU.”

Chinese Cheer
Fooey: Fooey: Fooey’.

Chip Chop Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Chip	Swing arms (axe) to the right
Chop	Swing arms (axe) to the left
(Repeat many times speeding up.)	
Tiiimbeeeerrrr!	Fall down to the ground

Christmas Bells Cheer
Pretend to hold a bell rope, then get the left side of the audience to say “DING” on the down stroke and the other side of the audience to say “DONG” on the up stroke. Repeat three times.

Clam Cheer
Fold hands together, interlocking fingers. Make noise by pressing palms together.

Class “A” Cheer
Clap hands with the following count:
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4
1-2-3-4.
1 (big one)

Class “B” Cheer
Clap hands with the following count:
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4
1-2-3-4.
(miss)

Class “C” Cheer
Clap hands with the following count:
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4
1-2-3-4.
(miss)
1 (big one)

Class “Z” Cheer
Clap hands with the following count:
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4 1-2 1-2;
1-2-3-4
1-2-3-4.
(miss)
”Zip! Zip! Zip!”
While drawing an imaginary “Z” in front of you with your index finger (Like the Zoro Cheer)

Columbus Cheer
Put hands up like you’re holding a telescope and shout “Land Ho”.

Coo Coo Cheer
Everyone nod their heads up and down and say “COO-COO” as many times as you tell them, as if you were striking the hour.

Cookie Cheer
"Crummy, Crummy, Crummy".

Cork Cheer
Hold out one hand as though holding the neck of a bottle. Put a cork in the bottle, then hit it in with the palm of the other hand and yell "Put a cork in it!"

Crab Cheer
Every knows crabs walk sideways. So have the group stand, raise their arms over their heads and pinch their fingers and thumbs together lick claws while stepping to the left two steps and back to the right two steps.

Desert Cheer
"Yucca, Yucca, Yucca !!"

Dip Stick Cheer
Pretend to get under the hood of your car, find the dip stick, pull it out, and say, "Oh, no, You're a quart low!!!"

English Cheer

Cheer	Answer
Augy! Augy! Augy!	Aye! Aye! Aye!
Augy! Augy! Augy!	Aye! Aye! Aye!
Augy!	Aye!
Augy!	Aye!
Augy! Augy! Augy!	Aye! Aye! Aye!

Eskimo Cheer
Brrrrr-rrr, Brrrrr-rrr.

Ferris Wheel Cheer
Move right arm in a large circle, on the upswing say "OHHHHH!" On the downswing say: "AHHHHH!"

Fire Engine Cheer
Divide the group into four sections
(1) Rings the bell fast, DING;
(2) Honks the horn, HONK, HONK, HONK;
(3) Sounds the siren, Rrrr, Rrrr, Rrrr;
(4) Clangs the clangor, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG.

Have all four groups do their parts together.

Fishy Cheer - I
Pretend to a fish by it's tail with one hand with one hand and plug your nose with the other and say: "PEEE-U-EEEEE!!!!"

Fishy Cheer - II
Hold your hands to your cheeks and flap as if gills and open and close your mouth as if you were a fish.

Flat Tire Cheer
Bend down, attach pump to tire, lift and push on pump three times, then yell, "Boom!" and jump back in surprise.

Flea Cheer
Make noise by rubbing finger nails together.

Flea Flip Cheer
Flick your middle fingernail with your thumbnail.

Flintstone Cheer
Shake hands over the head and say, "Yabba-dabba-doo".

Foil Dinner Cheer
"RAW, RAW, RAW !!"

George Washington Cheer - I
That was great. I cannot tell a lie.

George Washington Cheer - II
Get out axe and swing it at a tree while saying, "Chip, chop, chop, TIMBER!" then yell, "WRONG TREE!"

Ghost Cheer - I
Wave hands like a ghost and say "WHOOOO, WHOO, WHOOOOOOO!!"

Ghost Cheer - II
"BOO! BOO! BOO!"

Guillotine Cheer

Cheer	Motion
	Pull rope (blade) up.
	Tie Rope
	Swing axe & cut rope
(whistle)	None (Blade coming down)
Plop!	None (Head hitting ground)

Golf Cheer
1. Swing club "Pow"!
2. Now-hit ball "Four!"
3. Watch with hand

Golf Cheer
Shout "FORE" and pretend to hit the ball, place hand over above eyes to follow where the ball went.

Gondolier Cheer
Make a motion as if polling a boat, singing out "O, SOLE MIO"

Good Turn Cheer
Stand up and turn around.

Grape Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Shup-Ptu!	Suck up seed Spit out fast

Hangman Cheer
Put your hand behind your neck like you are holding a hangman's noose, then roll eyes and stick out your tongue.

Handkerchief/Neckerchief Cheer
Cheerleader motions to throw handkerchief or neckerchief into the air. When he does, the group yells and screams until handkerchief or neckerchief is caught or touches the ground.

A variation includes an accomplice who snags the handkerchief before the cheer leader can catch it. The group continues to yell as the cheer leader chases the accomplice until he "catches" him and gets the handkerchief back.

Hay-Straw

Cheer	Answer
Hay!	Straw!
Straw!	Hay!

Howdy Cheer
HOOOOW DDD DEEEE!!!

Howdy Pard Cheer
HOOOOW DDD DEEE PARRRD!!!!

Indiana Jones Cheer
Swing hand and arm back and then forward simulating the snapping of a whip. "Snakes, it would have to be snakes."

Jolly Green Giant Cheer
HO, HO, HO!

Kiowa Indian Yell
1. Stamp feet 3 times
2. Slap knees 3 times
3. Beat chest 3 times
4. Shake fist 3 times
5. Yell "Ahhhhhh!" (putting hand over mouth)

Kybo Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Ugh, Ugh	Crouch down.
Uuugggh	Try harder
Aaaaaaahhh!	Finally Get it

Livewire Cheer
Grab onto a live electrical wire and shake your whole body wildly.

Locomotive Cheer
1. Slap left arm with right hand.
2. Increase speed.
3. Work down over left palm and to ends of the fingers.
4. Put right hand over eyes, looking out.
5. Imitate train whistle "Whoo-whoo", "Whoo-whoo"

Lumberjack Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Hack-hack-Hack	Chop wood with hand
Zoom-Zoom-Zoom	Push/pull saw with arms
Timber	Cup hands to mouth
Boom!	Swing arm down like a tree falling

Mad Doctor Cheer
Scalpel. Sponge. Sponge. Sponge. Ooops!

Marilyn Monroe Cheer
(Sway hips) "Hip, hip, hooray", "Hip, hip, hooray."

Mexican Hat Dance Cheer
Put hands on hips and stamp feet while turning around in a circle around imaginary sombrero.

Model "T" Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Oooooga! Oooooga! Oooooga	Honk your horn

Moose Cheer
Place open hands by ears to form antlers and call "OOOOO-AAA-OOOO."

Mosquito Cheer
With hand, slap yourself on the neck, arms, legs, while saying "Oooo, Aaaah."

Motorcycle Cheer
Lift up the left foot and slam it down starting the engine with your hands pretending to hold handlebars and saying "V-V-r-a-a-a-a-m-m-m-m."

Mount Rushmore Cheer
Washington! Jefferson! Lincoln! Roosevelt!

Mountain Climbers Cheer
Pretend to climb on a mountain. A rock slips off. Put your hand over your eyes, look down and yell, "Look out below!

OPEC (Oil Well) Cheer
"Crude! Crude! Crude!"

Paper Bag Cheer
Make motions to simulate opening a paper bag., forming neck, blowing it up and pop it, yelling “Pop!”

Party Cheer
Throw hands in the air and say, “Confetti, Confetti, Confetti.”

Pat on the Back
Everyone pat the back of the their left shoulder with their right hand.

Pennsylvania University Cheer
Draw right fist back to shoulder, then throw punch while yelling P U.

Pinky Cheer
Clap little fingers together.

Pirate Cheer
“Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of Sprite.

President Cheer
Salute and say “Hail to the Chief.”

Rainstorm Cheer
1. Pat hands on knees
2. Increase to hand clapping
3. Yell “Boom!” for thunder
4. Decrease to hands patting on knees.

Razzle Dazzle Cheer
Razzle Dazzle’. Never Frazzle!
Not a thread but wool.
All together! All together!
That’s the way we pull’

Relay Cheer
First person in row claps next person’s hand and so on down to the end of the row.

Reverse Applause
Move hands away from each other.

Rip-Rip-Rap Cheer
Rip! Rap: Rap! Rip! Rap! Reel
Loyal Happy Boy Scouts are We

Road Runner Cheer
Beep-Beep-Zoom.”

Robot Cheer
Walk around stiff legged with arms in place, and repeat in a monotone voice, “Does not compute. Does not compute. Does not compute!”

Rooster Cheer
Placing your thumbs in your armpits, wave the arms up and down while crowing.

Round of Applause
While clapping hands, move them around in a circle in front of you.

Santa Claus Cheer
Hold stomach and saying loudly, “Ho! Ho! Ho!”

Seal of Approval
Put your thumbs in your armpits, then move arms up and down like a seal moving its flippers and say “Arf, Arf, Arf” several times.

Silent Yell
Raise both fists to level with hand and shout without any sound while shaking both fists.

Sky Rocket Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Chit!	Strike match
Ssssss!	Light Fuse
Whooosh!	Take off arm up in air
Boom!	Explosion open arms above head
Aaaah!	People amazed hands on cheeks

Southern Cantaloupe Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Ssssshuuuuup	Suck up seeds
Ptuuuuu! Y’all	Spit ‘em out with southern accent

Space Shuttle Cheer
Countdown, 10 - 1 !! BLASTOFF!

Stamp of Approval
Everyone stamps their foot down on the ground at the count of three.

The Fonz Cheer
Make a fist thumbs pointing up with each hand in front of you and say “Aaaaaayyyy.”

The Great "B" Cheer

Cheer	Answer
Give me a "B"	"B"
Give me another "B"	"B"
Give me a third :B"	"B"
One more "B"	"B"
What's that spell?	"B" flip lips with finger

The Mask Cheer
"It's showtime!"

Throw Up Cheer
I've got the urge, the urge (Repeat)
The urge to regurgitate (Repeat)
Regurgitate! Regurgitate (Repeat)
Vomit, Vomit (Repeat)
Blaaaaah; (Repeat)

Toucan Yell
Hold hands in front of mouth, simulating a bird opening its beak, several times while saying "Toucan, Toucan, Toucan! A Scout can too!!!"

Trumpet Cheer
da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-CHARGE!

Turkey Yell
Say "Gobble, gobble,," then rub stomach saying "Yum, yum".

Turtle Cheer
1. Cross both arms over the chest and bow head down.
2. Raise head.
3. Look left.
4. Look Right.
5. Look forward and say "turtle-Urg"

Watermelon Cheer

Cheer	Motion
Ssssshuuuuup	Hold watermelon and eat from one side to the other-Spit out seeds.
Ptuuuuu!	

What A Ten Chew Cheer
(Repeat after leader)

What a ten chew!
Bo do ski daten-daten, Qhat a ten chew!
It skiddy o-dotten, Bo do ski daten-daten, What a ten chew!
Ittan-dittan little kitten, It skiddy o-dotten Be do ski daten-daten, Ihat a ten chew!
Oten doten little boten, Itten-ditten little kitten, It skiddy o-dotten, Bo do ski daten-daten, What a ten chew!

Witch Cheer
Say in witchy voice "Heee, Heee, Heee."

Yodelers Cheer
Cup hands around mouth saying, "Yodel, ley, hee, who."

Bell Ringer #1

***Props**: Coat with football or wadded clothing under it for theHunchback, hat or nightstick for Gendarme.*

Announcer: The Hunchback of Notre Dame has decided to retire, and has place an ad in the Paris Times for someone to come and learn how to ring the bells.

Effects: (Knock, knock, knock)

Hunchback: (Gravely voice) Oh, somebody must be here about my job. I'll go down and see. (Goes 'round and 'round the campfire, as if going down the bell tower, bent over due to hunch.)

Effects : (Knock, knock, knock)

Hunchback: (Angrily) I'm coming, I'm coming. There's a lot of stairs here. (Arrives at and opens the door.)

Hunchback: Yeah! What do you want?

Applicant: I'm here about the bellringer's job.

Hunchback: All right! Come on up and I'll see if you can do the job. (Begins to go up (the other way around) followed by the applicant.)

Applicant: Boy, the ceiling is not very high here, is it?

Hunchback: Listen, you go up and down these stairs 20 times a day for 45 years and you just learn to stay bent over. Hey, did you close that door, didn't you?

Applicant: I don't know. I don't remember.

Hunchback: Well, we gotta go down and keep it locked, can't run up the church's fuel bill. (Both turn around and go back.)

Hunchback: That's the first thing you gotta learn. Keep the door closed. Up and down these stairs, that's the hard part. (Arriving at door) O.K., so now you're here, close the door.

Applicant: (Closes door) How are the benefits in this job?

Hunchback: (Both going back up) Well, it has it's ups and downs. The Church board will buy you ear plugs every six months and a new bottle of bell polish once a year. (Finally arriving at the bell) Alright, now you stand over there, and I'll show you how it's done. First you grab the bell here and push it out very hard (steps back and follows path of bell out and back) then the bell comes back on it's own. That's all there is to it. Do you think you can do that?

Applicant: Sure! (does the action with the bell, but does not step back, is hit by bell and falls back, to the ground)

Hunchback: Oh my gosh! He's fallen 15 stories to the sidewalk. I'd better get down there. (Goes around and around until he reaches the ground) (Crowd enters mumbling, stops astonished at body)

Gendarme : (Entering, calls to Hunchback) Hey you! Do you know this guy? (Rolls body over with foot)

Hunchback: No, but his face sure rings a bell!

Bell Ringer # 2

(The trick with this skit is to do it the night after doing Bell Ringer #1, and to do everything exactly the same - perhaps with alittle more 'hamming it up')

(When the Applicant arrives the Hunchback says:)

Hunchback: You look just like the guy who was here yesterday.

Applicant: Oh, that was my twin brother. (revert to the original dialog again. The audience will think it's getting a re-run and prepare itself for a 'groaner' of a cheer. When they hear the ending, you'll get a great reaction.)

(Carry on with dialog, except for the last line.)

Hunchback: No, but he's a dead ringer for the guy who was here yesterday!

Bell Ringer # 3

(To be used ONLY when Bell Ringer #1 and #2 have been used.)

Props: Rain slickers, blanket, and Gendarme gear from above. Two players enter in rain slickers holding blanket between them like a jumping net. The jig and jog around the performing area.

Gendarme : (Entering) Hey, what are you guys doing?

Fireman #1: Well, the last two nights some guy has jumped out of that bell tower, and we came to catch him!

Bicycle Shop

(The scene begins with three players on their hands and knees, ina row, as bicycles.)

Shop Owner: Well, there we are, three brand new bicycles all set up for sale.

Customer : (Entering) Hi. I'd like to buy a bicycle.

Shop Owner: Sure thing. Why don't you try them on for size? (Customer sits on the first bike and it falls down. The second is too big, while the third is too small.)

Customer: I sure like the first one, let me try it again.

Shop Owner: Why not ? (Setting up bike again) There you are, it's all set up again. (Customer sits on it, and again it falls down.)

Customer: I don't know. I really like this one but it keeps falling down. I'm afraid it's not made well enough.

Shop Owner: Our bicycles are all very well made. It was just assembled this morning, and it may need a little adjustment. Let me get some help.

(A volunteer is chosen from the audience, who is instructed to hold one 'wheel' of the now upright bicycle.)

Customer: (Sitting on the bike) That's perfect now. What was the problem ?

Shop Owner: Oh, we just need a big nut to hold it together!

Brains For Sale

Scout 1 (yelling) "Brains for Sale" "Brains For Sale"
Scout 2 - What kinds do you have?
Scout 1 - Well, This one is $100. It is the brain of a doctor.
Scout 2 - That's not good enough. What else do you have?
Scout 1 - Well, this one is $250. It is the brain of Albert Einstein, the great scientist.
Scout 2 - That is neat. You have anymore??
Scout 1 - Yeah, This one is for $1 million dollars.
Scout 2 - Wow, Why so expensive.
Scout 1 - It is the brain of our Scoutmaster. It never has been used.

Candy Store

Two people discuss the idea of opening a Candy store. They get the "parts" from the audience:

doors: two people stand with arms extended, facing each other. When a person comes by, they spin in a circle going, "click click"
cash register: a person stands "inside" the store and pulls an imaginary handle going, "ring ring"
bathroom: a person squats going "flush flush"
sign: a person stands outside, yelling "Candy store! Candy store!"
and any other "appliances" or "furniture" you can think of

Finally, the 2nd person asks the first: "Now all we need is the suckers."

The 1st responds with "But we have all these right here."

Gathering of Nuts

Vincent: I am the famous artist, Vincent Van Go Go. I have come here this evening at great expense to create one of my living nature paintings which will express the atmosphere of this camp ! First I am going to need some trees. (Two trees are selected from the participants in the audience, and are directed where to stand. They wave their arms gently.)

Vincent: Now I will need some birds to twitter among the trees. (Three birds are selected and they move around the trees making twittering sounds.)

Vincent: (Stands back to view scene) Perhaps a sun to shine on everything. (A tall participant stands on a bench and smiles brightly.)

Vincent: (Again viewing) It's not right yet. I know, some rabbits hopping around. (Assistant Leaders are chosen for rabbits)

Vincent: One last touch. A babbling brook. Scouter, will you be the brook, you're always babbling ? (The brook takes his place.)

Vincent: (Turns to audience) There it is, another Vincent Van Go Go original nature scene. I call it "The Gathering of the Nuts."

Is it Time Yet?

Equipment

Licorice, black jelly beans, or chocolate syrup, to simulate chewing tobacco

Preparation

five or six scouts sit as if on a bench, with legs outstretched, right leg over left, arms folded across chest, eyes closed, heads nodding.

Action

The six scouts appear to be dozing. The scout at one end has licorice in his mouth. The scout at the opposite end "awakens", leans over to the scout next to him and asks, "Is it tahm, yet?". The second scout leans to the next scout and asks him, "Is it tahm, yet?". This continues to the last scout, who spits, and says, "nope". The "nope" is passed down the line to the first scout. They all return to dozing. The same question is repeated down the line a few more times, with the same "spit, nope" response. Finally, the scouts spits and says "yup". After the "yup" is passed back up the line, they all look at each other, yawn, and lift their right legs off their left, and switch, placing left over right, dozing off again.

J.C. Penny

 # 2 enters and passes # 1, wearing a hat.
 # 1: "Where did you get the hat ?"

 # 2: “J.C. Penny.”
 # 3 enters and passes # 1 carrying a pair of pants.
 # 1: “Where did you get the new pants ?”
 # 3: “J.C. Penny.

Others enter carrying new articles of clothing and offer similar explanations.

Finally # 4 enters wearing just underwear.
 # 1: “Who do you think you are dressed like that?”
 # 4: “I’m J.C. Penny!”

New Underwear

Preparation
Have all of Troop but one, line up shoulder to shoulder. SPL should be the one not lined up.

Action
SPL: (walking back and forth in front of troop) Ok guys, i know that we’re all a little down. That flood 8 days ago completely wiped out all that we had. But still I am proud of all of you, after all, we have survived with nothing but each other for more than a week.

(pauses)

I do, however, have some good news. I also have some bad news though.

(pause again)

The good news is that we all get new underwear!!!

ALL TROOPERS: (excitedly, jumps up and down) Yeah!!!

SPL: Now the bad news.....you have to trade with him, you two switch, and you get his!!!

Puppy in the Box

Props :A cardboard box, and a stuffed dog (or rabbit, etc.)

Announcer: This scene takes place on the street outside a grocery store. (Several participants are gathered around outside the store, chatting.)

Roger: (Enters holding the box) Hi guys, would you please hold this box for me while I go into the store? (Exits)

Martin: I wonder what’s in the box?

Gerry: I don’t know, but something yellow is leaking out!

Bob: (Rubs finger against the bottom of box, then licks finger) Hmmm, it tastes like lemon soda.

Martin: (Also rubs box and tastes finger) No. I think it’s more like chicken soup.

Roger: (Returns, looks in box) Oh, you naughty puppy!

Raisin Skit

1st Scout comes out: Gets down on all fours, pretending to be a table.

2nd Scout comes out, looks at the table and declares;

2nd SCOUT: “Ahh, a fly, I think I’ll pull it’s wings off” Proceeds to pick it up, pluck the wings, put it back on the table, and walks off.

3nd Scout comes out, looks at the fly on the table and says;

3rd SCOUT: “Oh, a fly with no wings, I think I’ll pull it’s legs off”, With great precision and animation, picks up the fly, removes it’s legs, and puts it back and walks off.

4rd Scout comes out, looks at the fly and announces;

4th SCOUT: “Say, a fly with no wings and no legs, I think I’ll pull it’s head off.” Then proceeds as the other Scout before him.

Last Scout comes out looks at the table, then carefully inspects the object with out picking it up and says very quickly

LAST SCOUT: “A raisin !” and quickly picks it up and puts it in his mouth

Reggie and the Colonel

Characters: Reggie, big, dumb, Bermudas, high socks, safari hat, glasses, down on nose, moustache, carries gun in front of him. Colonel: short, limp, monocle, no gun, just small knapsack, has cane. Scene: Walking in place through darkest Africa, speaking pronounced English accent.

Colonel: (excited, jumping and pointing with cane) Reggie, look... Did you see it, Reggie??

Reggie: See what??! No, no, where, where?? Colonel: Oh, Reggie, It was a beautiful condor, 8 foot wing span, beautiful colors.

Reggie: No. I didn’t see it. Colonel: Wish you’d pay closer attention. (They continue walking).

Colonel: Did you see it, Reggie?

Reggie: No, what?

Colonel: A spotted Zebra...Wish you’d pay closer attention.

Colonel: (later) Did you see it, Reggie?? Did you see it?

Reggie: No I missed it ... what was it?

Colonel: An ooh-aah bird.

Reggie: Ooh-aah bird. What’s a ooh aah bird??

Colonel: An ooh-aah bird is a 2 pound bird that lays a 3 pound egg, like this: Ooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh-aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh (face lights up). (continue walking).

Reggie: Whispers to audience: Next time I'll say yes - pretend like I saw it. I'll fool him.

Colonel: Reggie, Reggie did you see it! (excited)

Reggie: I saw it, I saw it!

Colonel: Then why in heaven's name did you step in it???

Submarine Captain

A line of submarine officers on a Japanese sub during WWII .Captain sights a ship in the periscope

CAPTAIN: 'Tanker bearing 259, Range 1 mile'

He yells this to the first mate, who in turn tells second mate, down the line until finally the torpedo operator is told. The torpedo operator just shrugs his shoulders.

CAPTAIN: 'Load main tube # 1 and stand by to fire. 'He yells this to the first mate, who in turn tells second mate, down the line until finally the torpedo operator is told.

TORPEDO OPERATOR: 'I don't know How.

Next the captain gives the order to fire down the line, but the

TORPEDO OPERATOR. Says "I don't know How..."This message is returned up the line to the Captain who SCREAMS.

CAPTAIN: "Press the red button. "When this message finally gets down to the TORPEDO OPERATOR. He follows it, but it took too long so they miss the ship. (More message passing if you want.) Finally after about three ships (each time the TORPEDO OPERATOR doesn't remember how to fire.)The Captain feels disgraced and pulls out a knife and commits Seppuku (or incorrectly, Hari Keri) Each officer in turn picks up the knife and follows the Captains example until at last the knife comes to the Torpedo Officer Who looks at the knife and says;

TORPEDO OPERATOR: 'I don't Know How..."

The Dead Body

Number of Participants: 2

Scene: One person lying on the ground, dead. Another sees him and runs for the telephone and, panicking, gasps: "Police, there's a dead person here... Where ? .... Um, (looking for a sign), "I'm at Montgomery and Westchester... Spell it ?... Uh, M-o-t-n... Uh, M-o-t-g,," (confused), "Just a minute, I'll drag him over to King and Elm !"

The Important Papers

The setting can be either a king or a boss in his office who beckons to a courtier or assistant that he wants his royal or important papers. The person runs in with a sheath of papers, the king or boss quite agitated tosses them aside and demands that they bring him his important papers. Other people bring in other things one at a time such as a Boy Scout Handbook etc. the king throws them aside and gets more and more upset demanding that he have his important papers. At last the some one comes in with a roll of toilet paper (court jester, office boy etc.). The king knights him or the boss promotes him thanking him profusely and runs off the stage in visible relief.

The Lawnmower

(One participant is on his hands and knees as the mower.)

Owner: (Yanking imaginary rope, while mower sputters) This darned old mower, I can't get it going. I need some help. (Gets help from another participant.)

Helper #1: So you just want me to yank on this rope, and get it started ? That's easy ! (Yanking rope)

Mower: (Splutters, bobs up and down)

Helper #1: I'm sorry. I can't seem to do it. Have you checked the gas ?

Owner: Yes, I have. Thanks anyway. Well, let's see who else has a strong arm. (Selects another participant) What I need you to do is to give a real good yank on the starting rope and make it run.

Helper #2: Sure thing. (Yanks rope a couple of times.)

Mower: (Bobs up and down, sputters, coughs)

Helper #2: Sorry, I can't do it either.

Owner: What I need is someone big and strong (Selects a Leader) (Leader will probably make some comments, but let him talk and get him to pull the rope)

Mower: (Splutters, coughs, starts to vibrate and run)

Owner: There. All it needed was a good jerk.

The Little Green Ball

This one is so old, but it appeals to the lads in my troop.

First scout comes on and says 'Oh no I've lost it' He then starts to search around on the floor. Second scout comes in and asks what he is looking for. First scout replies that he has lost his little green ball. Both scouts continue searching the floor. Several more scouts come on and are told about the lost little green ball. Even members of the audience can be persuaded to join in the search. After enough time has been dragged out, the first scout, sticks a finger up his nose and says "Don't worry I will have to make another one"

The Lost Lollipop

(Small boy is sitting, crying)

Passerby #1: (Enters) What's wrong little boy, why are you crying?

Boy: (Sobbing) I lost my lollipop!

Passersby #1: Have you looked for it?

Boy: (Continues to sob) Oh, yes, I've looked under my bed, in my sock drawer, and even in Charlie's pocket.

Passerby #1: I've heard that chanting often works. You think very hard about the lollipop until you can see it in your mind, and chant 'lollipop' over and over again.

Boy: (Closing eyes tightly) Big red yummy lollipop, big red yummy lollipop, big red yummy lollipop.

Passersby #1: (Nods approval and strolls out)

Boy: (Continues chanting for a while, then starts crying again)

Passerby #2: (Enters) What's wrong, little boy?

Boy: (Sobbing) I lost my lollipop, and I hunted and hunted, then this man told me to chant, and I did, and it didn't work!

Passersby #2: Chanted?

Boy: Yeah, like this (Demonstrates, then starts to cry)

Passerby #2: Don't cry little boy. Maybe we need more help.

Boy: (Turns to audience) You're my only help to get my lollipop back. Everybody, very softly now, chant with me, "Big red yummy lollipop, big red yummy lollipop, big red yummy lollipop." (Gets everyone doing it in unison) Great ! I think it's working, keep going now.

Passersby #1: (Reenters) Hi little boy. Did it work?

Boy: (Loudly) No, it didn't, but I did find a whole lot of suckers!!!

The Medicrin

There once was a medieval village named Trinsic. This village was being terrorized by a vile monster, the Medicrin. Each night, the Medicrin would stalk down from the hills, and devour one of the villagers. The terrified villagers called a meeting, and decided to pool their money together to hire the great hero Erik. (fanfare)

Erik came and listened to the complaints of the villagers. He consulted his Great Hero's Book of Vile Monsters, and learned that Medicrins love to eat Loons. So Erik hunted high and low to find a loon. He found one, captured it, tied it up, and brought it back to the village. He then had the villagers dig a deep pit. Erik threw the loon into the pit, hoping to capture the Medicrin, and slay it.

That night, the Medicrin came . . . It smelled the loon . . . But it also smelled DANGER, and it ran off, devouring one of the villagers on the way out.

After calming the villagers, the next day, Erik again consulted his Great Hero's Book of Vile Monsters, and learned that Medicrins also love sugar. So Erik gathered up all of the sugar in the village, and threw it into the pit. The loon, not having eaten in days, devoured all of the sugar in a single gulp. Erik was struck with panic, and ran to and fro trying to figure out what to do next, but night had fallen, and the Medicrin would be there soon, so Erik crossed his fingers, and hoped for the best.

That night, the Medicrin came . . . It smelled the loon . . . It smelled danger . . . But it also smelled the sugar, and the Medicrin dived into the pit, and devoured the loon. The villagers swarmed over the Medicrin, and slew it.

The moral of the story: "A loon full of sugar helps the Medicrin go down."

WALK ONS

Walk ons are quick little skits, one or two lines long, that run between songs and skits to fill in gaps. T's best to arrange ahead of time with the emcee so he can play the straight man.

Case I: Taking My Case to Court
Scout crosses in front of emcee carrying a brief case or a plastic milk case in front of him.

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: Taking my case to court.

Case II: Case Thrown Out of Court
From the side, scout tosses a brief case or a plastic milk case across in front of the emcee then follows to pick it up.

Emcee: What happened

Scout: My case got thrown out of court

Case III: Taking My Case to a Higher Court
Scout crosses in front of emcee carrying a brief case or a plastic milk case over his head.

Emcee: Now what are you doing?

Scout: Taking my case to a higher court.

Case IV: Open and Shut Case
Scout opens and closes the case as he walks across the stage.

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: It's an open and shut case!

Case V: Case Got Overturned
Scout enters with case open and inverted.

Emcee: Now what are you doing?

Scout: My case got overturned

Case VI: Lost My Case
Scout searches all around stage or campfire with a flashlight.

Emcee: Now what are you doing?

Scout: I lost my case

Case VII: Rest My Case
Scout places the hands of the Emcee in front of him, and puts his case on them.

Scout: I rest my case.

Fire Drill
Through the meeting or campfire, different people run through with some container (cups, buckets, cans, etc.). Eventually the Emcee stops one of them and asks what's going on to which the reply is "your tent (car, house whatever) is on fire".

It's All Around Me
Scout runs up to emcee in a panic yelling, "It's all around me! It's all around me!"

Emcee: What's all around you?

Scout: My belt!

It's All Over Me
Scout runs up to emcee in a panic yelling, "It's all over me! It's all over me!"

Emcee: What's all over you

Scout: My skin!

Just Sticking Around
Scout walks across in front of emcee tapping the ground with a large stick

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: Just sticking around

Leaving
Scout walks across the area scattering handfuls of leaves he takes from a big bag.

Emcee: "What are you doing?"

Scout: "I'm leaving!"

Pulling String
Scout walks onto stage area pulling a string big enough to see.

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: I'm pulling a string.

Emcee: What are you doing that for?

Scout: Well, have you ever tried to push one?!

Raisin Cane
Scout enters with cane or hiking staff held high above his head

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: Raisin' cane!

Squirrels

Scout runs on stage screaming.

Scout: They're after me! They're after me!

Emcee: Who's after you?

Scout: The squirrels, they think I'm nuts

Throwing Up

Scout walks across the front tossing a ball several inches to a foot up in the air.

Emcee: What are you doing?

Scout: I'm throwing up!

INDEX

Title	Section	Page
1,000 Legged Worm	Animal Songs	49
2,000 Lb.Canary Cheer	Cheers	73
A Boy and a Girl	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	34
A Hundred Miles	Ballads	54
A Log Drive	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	14
A Way Down Yonder	Round Songs	63
Abe Lincoln Cheer	Cheers	73
Alka Seltzer Cheer	Cheers	73
Amen	Religious Songs	65
America	Round Songs	63
An Interesting Yarn	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	10
An Old Austrian	Action Songs	25
Angry Cantaloupe Cheer	Cheers	73
Announcements	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	34
Apples and Bananas	Action Songs	25
Archery Cheer	Cheers	73
Archery Cheer	Cheers	73
Artillery Cheer	Cheers	73
Auld Lang Syne	Ballads	54
Avon Lady Cheer	Cheers	73
Baba Eka Bo	Foreign Songs	70
Back to Gilwell	Ballads	59
Baden-Powell Cheer	Cheers	73
Barbershop Cheer	Cheers	73
Battle of New Orleans	History (Americana) Folk Songs	30
Be Kind to Your Web Footed Friends	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	35
Be Prepared	Round Songs	63
Bear Cheer	Cheers	73
Beaver Cheer	Cheers	73
Beaver Song	Animal Songs	49
Bee Cheer	Cheers	73
Beginnings	Historical Facts & Information	16
Bell Ringer # 2	Skits	79
Bell Ringer # 3	Skits	79
Bell Ringer #1	Skits	79
Ben Franklin Cheer	Cheers	73
Bicycle Shop	Skits	79
Big Fat Hen	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	35
Big Hand Cheer	Cheers	73
Big Rainstorm Cheer	Cheers	73
Big Rock Candy Mountain Cheer	Cheers	73
Big Sneeze Cheer	Cheers	73
Big Thumb Cheer	Cheers	73
Bill Hogan's Goat	Animal Songs	49
Bing-A-Lacka Cheer	Cheers	73
Bingo	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	35
Birds in the Wilderness	Ballads	59
Black Powder Rifle Cheer	Cheers	73
Blackhawk Fight Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Blackhawk Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Blow the Man Down	Sea Songs	23
Blowin' in the Wind	Ballads	54

Title	Section	Page
Blue Tail Fly	History (Americana) Folk Songs	30
Blue Water Line	History (Americana) Folk Songs	30
Boom Boom Ain't It Great to be Crazy	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	35
Bottle Pop - II	Round Songs	63
Boy Scout Camp	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	36
Brains For Sale	Skits	80
British Rank Yell	Cheers	73
Broken Arm Cheer	Cheers	73
Brown's Pond, A Cache of Watches	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	11
Bug Juice	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	36
Bull Cheer	Cheers	73
Bull Fighter Cheer	Cheers	74
By the Waters of Babylon	Ballads	54
Calamine Lotion Cheer	Cheers	74
Call the Hogs Cheer	Cheers	74
Calliope	Round Songs	63
Camp Beard Victory March	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Camp Blackhawk	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Blackhawk - I	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Camp Blackhawk Song-II	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Camp Blackhawk Song-III	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Camp Carlin	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Carlin Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
Camp Chicaugau Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	21
Camp Dan Beard	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Dan Beard Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	20
Camp Grenada	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	36
Camp James E. West	Camp Cheers	17
Camp James E. West	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Camp Kookamonga	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	36
Camp Reneker	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Robert Crown	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Sauger Lake	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Stuart - I	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Stuart - II	Camp Cheers	17
Camp West Rally Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Camp Wilderness Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	18
Camp Wolverine	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Wolverine	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
Camp Wolverine North	Camp Cheers	17
Camp Wolverine South	Camp Cheers	17
Can of Applause Cheer	Cheers	74
Candy Store	Skits	80
Cantaloupe Cheer	Cheers	74
Carleton Dreams of a County Seat	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	11
Carpenter Cheer	Cheers	74
Case I: Taking My Case to Court	Walk Ons	84
Case II: Case Thrown Out of Court	Walk Ons	84
Case III: Taking My Case to a Higher Court	Walk Ons	84
Case IV: Open and Shut Case	Walk Ons	84
Case V: Case Got Overturned	Walk Ons	84
Case VI: Lost My Case	Walk Ons	84

Title	Section	Page
Case VII: Rest My Case	Walk Ons	84
Cat's Meow Cheer	Cheers	74
Cheerio Cheer	Cheers	74
Chekagou	Historical Facts & Information	16
Cherry Cheer	Cheers	74
Chicago Fire Song	History (Americana) Folk Songs	30
Chinese Cheer	Cheers	74
Chip Chop Cheer	Cheers	74
Chopped Liver	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	37
Christmas Bells Cheer	Cheers	74
Clam Cheer	Cheers	74
Class "A" Cheer	Cheers	74
Class "B" Cheer	Cheers	74
Class "C" Cheer	Cheers	74
Class "Z" Cheer	Cheers	74
Climbing Up the Ladder	Ballads	59
Columbus Cheer	Cheers	74
Coo Coo Cheer	Cheers	74
Cookie Cheer	Cheers	75
Cork Cheer	Cheers	75
Crab Cheer	Cheers	75
Cry-I-Cry-I-Cus	Scouting Songs	59
Cuma Zimba	Foreign Songs	70
Cushman's Settlement	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	11
Dalton's Mill	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	8
Damper Song	Action Songs	25
Dang Me	Ballads	54
Day is Done	Ballads	54
De Camptown Racetrack	History (Americana) Folk Songs	31
Dead Man's Rollaway & the Grave of the Unknown	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	9
Dem Bones	Religious Songs	65
Desert Cheer	Cheers	75
Ding Dong	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	37
Ding Gang Goo	Foreign Songs	70
Dip Stick Cheer	Cheers	75
Do Your Ears Hang Low	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	37
Down by the Old Millstream	Action Songs	25
Drool Song	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	38
Drunkin Sailor	Sea Songs	23
Dummy Line	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	38
Dutch Song	Foreign Songs	70
Ebeneezer Fry	History (Americana) Folk Songs	31
English Cheer	Cheers	75
Erie Canal	History (Americana) Folk Songs	31
Erie-Erie-Erie-Oh!	History (Americana) Folk Songs	31
Eskimo Cheer	Cheers	75
Ezekiel Saw A Wheel Turning	Round Songs	63
Family Camp	Camp Cheers	17
Famous Crystal Lake	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Ferris Wheel Cheer	Cheers	75
Fire Drill	Walk Ons	84
Fire Engine Cheer	Cheers	75
Fishy Cheer - I	Cheers	75

Title	Section	Page
Fishy Cheer - II	Cheers	75
Flat Tire Cheer	Cheers	75
Flea	Animal Songs	49
Flea Cheer	Cheers	75
Flea Flip Cheer	Cheers	75
Flintstone Cheer	Cheers	75
Foil Dinner Cheer	Cheers	75
Follow Me Boys	Scouting Songs	59
Forest City Post office	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	12
Forward	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	4
Framat Vi Ga Sjungande	Foreign Songs	70
Froggie	Animal Songs	49
Garbage Barge	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	38
Gathering of Nuts	Skits	80
Gee, I'm Glad I'm A Boy Scout	Round Songs	63
George Washington Cheer - I	Cheers	75
George Washington Cheer - II	Cheers	75
Ghost Cheer - I	Cheers	75
Ghost Cheer - II	Cheers	75
Ghost Chickens in the Sky	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	39
Ghost Riders in the Sky	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	39
Glory How Peculiar	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	39
God Bless My Underwear	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
Goin On a Lion Hunt	Action Songs	25
Golf Cheer	Cheers	75
Golf Cheer	Cheers	75
Gondolier Cheer	Cheers	75
Gone The Rainbow	Ballads	55
Good Night Comrades	Scouting Songs	59
Good Old Open Trail	Scouting Songs	60
Good Turn Cheer	Cheers	76
Grannies in the Cellar	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
Grape Cheer	Cheers	76
Green Grow the Rushes Grow	Ballads	55
Greenback Dollar	Ballads	55
Growing Together	Scouting Songs	60
Guillotine Cheer	Cheers	75
Ham and Eggs	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
Hammer Song	Ballads	55
Han Skal Leve	Foreign Songs	70
Handkerchief/Neckerchief Cheer	Cheers	76
Hangman Cheer	Cheers	76
Happy Sunday School	Religious Songs	65
Hay-Straw	Cheers	76
He's Got the Whole World	Religious Songs	66
Head, Shoulders, Knees & Toes	Action Songs	26
Hello, Hello	Round Songs	63
Hey Lotty, Lotty Lo	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
Hi. Ho. Nobody Home	Round Songs	63
Hinchman's Halfway Camp	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	12
Hocky Tocky Umba	Action Songs	26
Holly Poddle Doodle	Foreign Songs	70
Hong Kong Blues	Foreign Songs	70

Title	Section	Page
How Burying Ground Point Got It's Name	Tales & Stories	2
How Do You Do?	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
Howdy Cheer	Cheers	76
Howdy Pard Cheer	Cheers	76
I Belong	Scouting Songs	60
I Had But Fifty Cents	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	40
I Like the Mountains	Nature Songs	52
I Love You	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	41
I Points to Mineself	Action Songs	26
I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing	Ballads	56
I'm Happy When I'm Hiking	Scouting Songs	60
I'm In The King's Nivy	Action Songs	26
If You're Happy	Action Songs	26
Indian Lake	Nature Songs	52
Indiana Jones Cheer	Cheers	76
Introduction	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	4
Is it Time Yet?	Skits	80
It Must Be Owasippe	Camp Loyalty Songs	20
It's All Around Me	Walk Ons	84
It's All Over Me	Walk Ons	84
J.C. Penny	Skits	80
John Brown's Baby	Action Songs	27
Johnny Appleseed Grace	Prayers & Graces	1
Johnny Verbeck	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	41
Jolly Green Giant Cheer	Cheers	76
Junior Birdman	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	41
Just Sticking Around	Walk Ons	84
Kiowa Indian Yell	Cheers	76
Ko-Ko, Ko-Ko	Foreign Songs	71
Kum Ba Yah	Religious Songs	66
Kung, Kling, Kung	Foreign Songs	71
Kybo Cheer	Cheers	76
Lang, Lang Trail to Camp	Scouting Songs	60
Leaving	Walk Ons	84
Lemon Tree	Ballads	56
Let Us Sing Together	Scouting Songs	60
Let Us Sing Together	Round Songs	63
Linger	Ballads	56
Little Brown Mouse	Animal Songs	49
Little Rabbit Fru Fru	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	42
Little Tommy Tinker	Round Songs	63
Livewire Cheer	Cheers	76
Locomotive Cheer	Cheers	76
London's Burning	Round Songs	64
Lover's Lament	History (Americana) Folk Songs	32
Lower Lake Medley	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
Lumbering On Cleveland Creek	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	7
Lumberjack Cheer	Cheers	76
Mad Doctor Cheer	Cheers	76
Marilyn Monroe Cheer	Cheers	76
Mermaid Song	Sea Songs	23
Mexican Hat Dance Cheer	Cheers	76
Michael Row the Boat	Religious Songs	67

Title	Section	Page
Model “T” Cheer	Cheers	76
Moose Cheer	Cheers	76
Mosquito Cheer	Cheers	76
Motorcycle Cheer	Cheers	76
Mount Rushmore Cheer	Cheers	76
Mountain Climbers Cheer	Cheers	76
Mountain Dew	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	42
Musikanter	Action Songs	27
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean	Action Songs	27
My Favorite Senior Things	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	43
New Underwear	Skits	81
O Mo Ni Go	Foreign Songs	71
O, Vad Livet Ar H Arlight	Foreign Songs	71
Old MacDonald Had a Farm	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	43
Old Scouter	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	43
On Top of Spaghetti	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	43
One Bottle of Pop - I	Round Songs	64
One Finger, One Thumb	Action Songs	27
One Tin Solder	Ballads	56
Ooey-Gooey	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
Order of the Arrow & Owasippe	Historical Facts & Information	16
Out in the Woods	Animal Songs	49
Owasippe Grace	Prayers & Graces	1
Owasippe Hymn	Camp Loyalty Songs	20
Owasippe Post Office	Historical Facts & Information	16
Paper Bag Cheer	Cheers	77
Party Cheer	Cheers	77
Pat on the Back	Cheers	77
Peanut Sat on a Railroad Track	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
Pennsylvania University Cheer	Cheers	77
Philmont Grace	Prayers & Graces	1
Philmont Hymn	Scouting Songs	60
Pink Pajamas	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
Pinky Cheer	Cheers	77
Pollution Protest	Nature Songs	52
President Cheer	Cheers	77
Puff the Magic Dragon	Ballads	57
Pulling String	Walk Ons	84
Puppy in the Box	Skits	81
Purple Stew	Action Songs	27
Queen’s Navy	Sea Songs	23
Railroad Bill	History (Americana) Folk Songs	32
Rainstorm Cheer	Cheers	77
Raisin Cane	Walk Ons	84
Raisin Skit	Skits	81
Ravioli	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
Razzle Dazzle Cheer	Cheers	77
Reggie and the Colonel	Skits	81
Relay Cheer	Cheers	77
Reneker Family Camp	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
Reverse Applause	Cheers	77
Rip-Rip-Rap Cheer	Cheers	77
Rise and Shine	Religious Songs	67

Title	Section	Page
Road Runner Cheer	Cheers	77
Robert T. Crown Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	21
Robot Cheer	Cheers	77
Rock of My Soul	Religious Songs	67
Roll Me Over the Billows	Sea Songs	23
Roll On Columbia	Nature Songs	52
Rooster Cheer	Cheers	77
Round of Applause	Cheers	77
Row, Row, Row Your Boat	Round Songs	64
Russel Road	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
Santa Claus Cheer	Cheers	77
Sarasponda	Foreign Songs	71
Sauger Lake Camp Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	21
Sauger Lake Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	21
Scout Company	Scouting Songs	61
Scout Vespers	Religious Songs	67
Scouting Spirit	Scouting Songs	61
Scouting We Go	Scouting Songs	61
Seal of Approval	Cheers	77
Second Story Window	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	44
She Waded in the Water	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	45
She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain	Action Songs	27
Silent Yell	Cheers	77
Sioux Table Prayer	Prayers & Graces	1
Sippin Cider	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	45
Six Pence	Foreign Songs	71
Skeel's Creek	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	12
Skeeters 'n' the Bedbugs	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	46
Sky Rocket Cheer	Cheers	77
Slab Lake – Square Lake – Marl Bed – Wood Lake – Nine & Legends	Acre Lot Lake –Virgin Norway Pine Owasippe, Its Yarns	12
Snow's rollaway and Its Interesting Surroundings	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	8
Snow's Trail and Mounds	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	13
Sommers Wilderness Grace	Prayers & Graces	1
Southern Cantaloupe Cheer	Cheers	77
Space Shuttle Cheer	Cheers	77
Squirrels	Walk Ons	85
Stamp of Approval	Cheers	77
Standing in the Need of Prayer	Religious Songs	67
Stewball	Ballads	57
Stuart Camp Song - I	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Stuart Camp Song - III	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Stuart Camp Song –II	Camp Loyalty Songs	19
Submarine Captain	Skits	82
Supercaligragilisticexpialidocious	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	46
Take me Home, Country Roads	Ballads	57
Taps	Religious Songs	68
Tell Me Why	Religious Songs	68
The Ants Go Marching	Animal Songs	50
The Billboard Song	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	46
The Boy Scout Day	Scouting Songs	61
The Brass Pistol	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	13
The Cat Came Back	Animal Songs	50

Title	Section	Page
The Crest of the Wave	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
The Dead Body	Skits	82
The Far Northlands	Nature Songs	52
The Fonz Cheer	Cheers	77
The Grand Old Captain Kirk	Action Songs	28
The Grand Old Duke of York	Action Songs	28
The Great “B” Cheer	Cheers	78
The Green Grass Grows All Around	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	46
The Grub (Daddy’s Whiskers)	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	47
The Happy Wanderer	Nature Songs	52
The Important Papers	Skits	82
The Lawnmower	Skits	82
The Legend of White River	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	6
The Little Green Ball	Skits	83
The Lost Lollipop	Skits	83
The Mask Cheer	Cheers	78
The Medicrin	Skits	83
The More We Camp Together	Scouting Songs	61
The More We Get Together	Scouting Songs	61
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down	History (Americana) Folk Songs	32
The Oceana Lumbering Boat	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	14
The Old Trading Post	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	5
The Owasippe Chant	Camp Loyalty Songs	20
The Owasippe Legend: Version I	Tales & Stories	2
The Owasippe Legend: Version II	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	4
The Paddle Song	Round Songs	64
The Quartermaster Store	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	47
The Salt Marsh	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	6
The Thing	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	47
The Three Fishermen	Sea Songs	24
The Voyageur’s Song	History (Americana) Folk Songs	32
The White River Roll-Aways	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	8
There ain’t No Flies On Us	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	48
There’s A Hole In The Bottom of the Sea	Sea Songs	24
These Bones Shall Rise Again	Religious Songs	68
This is America	History (Americana) Folk Songs	33
This Old Man	Round Songs	64
Three Blind Mice	Round Songs	64
Three Chartreuse Buzzards	Action Songs	28
Throw Up Cheer	Cheers	78
Throwing Up	Walk Ons	85
Till We Meet Again	Scouting Songs	62
Titanic	Sea Songs	24
Today	Ballads	58
Tom Dooley	Ballads	58
Toucan Yell	Cheers	78
Troop Number Song	Scouting Songs	62
Trumpet Cheer	Cheers	78
Trusty Tommy Was A Scout	Scouting Songs	62
Turkey Yell	Cheers	78
Turtle Cheer	Cheers	78
Under The Chestnut Tree	Action Songs	28
Vespers, Taps & Scout Oath	Religious Songs	68

Title	Section	Page
Vi Va La More	Scouting Songs	62
Wad-A-Lee-Aches	Action Songs	29
Walking at Night	Foreign Songs	72
Waltzing Matilda	Foreign Songs	72
Waterloo	History (Americana) Folk Songs	33
Watermelon Cheer	Cheers	78
We Are Jolly Boys	Foreign Songs	72
We're Here for the Fun	Scouting Songs	62
We're On the Upward Trail	Scouting Songs	62
What A Ten Chew Cheer	Cheers	78
What's Your Name	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	48
Wheat Settlement	Owasippe, Its Yarns & Legends	9
Where Have all the Flowers Gone?	Ballads	58
While the Organ Peeled Bananas	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	48
Whooped Up	Nature Songs	53
Wild Rover	Foreign Songs	72
Wildcat Trails	Historical Facts & Information	16
Wir Zogen Indas Feld	Foreign Songs	72
Witch Cheer	Cheers	78
Wolverine North Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	22
Wolverine South Song	Camp Loyalty Songs	21
Yodelers Cheer	Cheers	78
Yon Yonson	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	48
You Can Dig My Grave	Religious Songs	69
You Can't Get To Heaven	Religious Songs	69
Zulu Warrior	Odd-Ball (Comic) Songs	48
Zum Gali Gali	Foreign Songs	72